

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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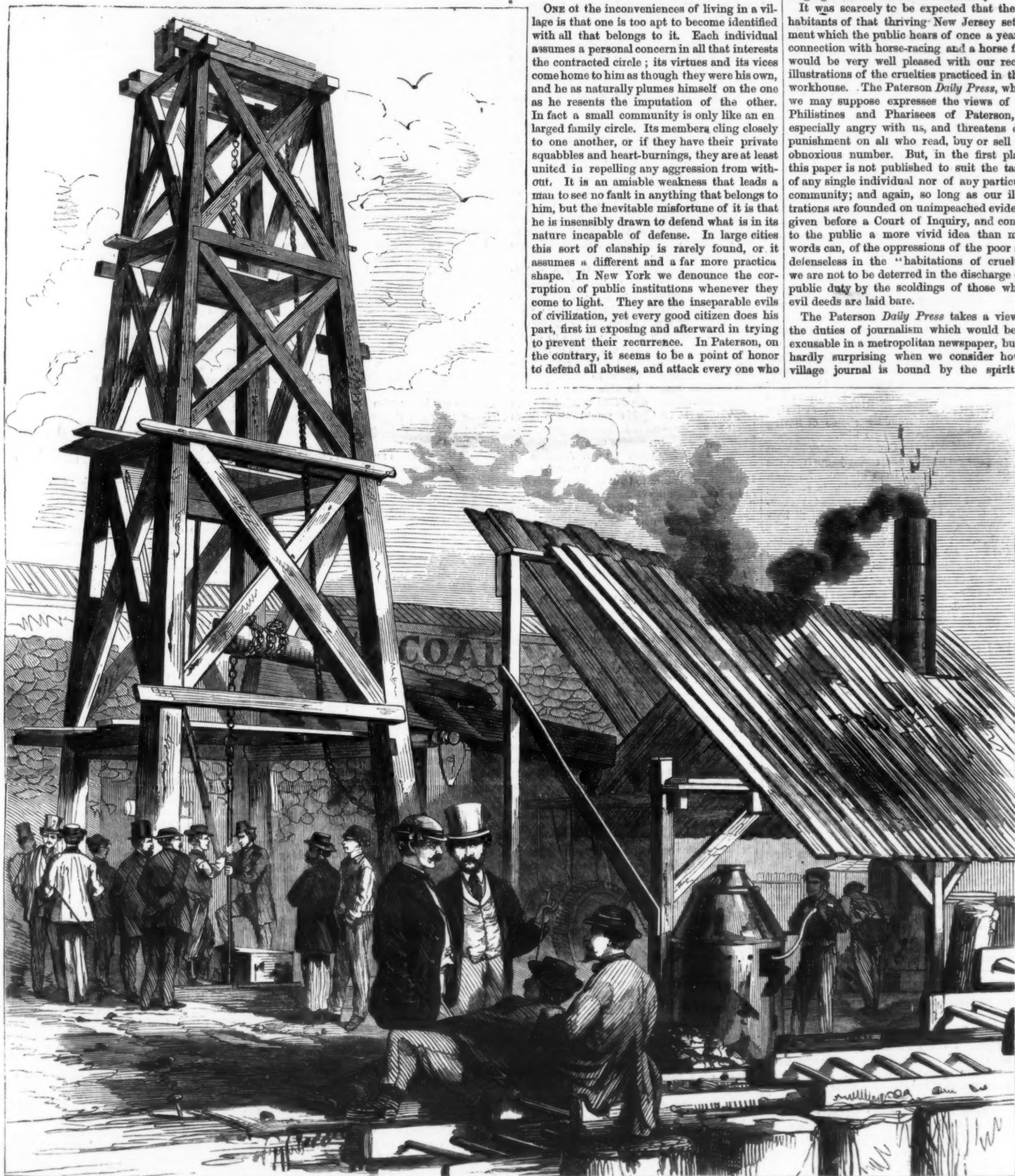
Paterson Bumbledom.

ONE of the inconveniences of living in a village is that one is too apt to become identified with all that belongs to it. Each individual assumes a personal concern in all that interests the contracted circle; its virtues and its vices come home to him as though they were his own, and he as naturally plumes himself on the one as he resents the imputation of the other. In fact a small community is only like an enlarged family circle. Its members cling closely to one another, or if they have their private squabbles and heart-burnings, they are at least united in repelling any aggression from without. It is an amiable weakness that leads a man to see no fault in anything that belongs to him, but the inevitable misfortune of it is that he is insensibly drawn to defend what is in its nature incapable of defense. In large cities this sort of clanship is rarely found, or it assumes a different and a far more practical shape. In New York we denounce the corruption of public institutions whenever they come to light. They are the inseparable evils of civilization, yet every good citizen does his part, first in exposing and afterward in trying to prevent their recurrence. In Paterson, on the contrary, it seems to be a point of honor to defend all abuses, and attack every one who

denounces them, more especially if not belonging to their own small community.

It was scarcely to be expected that the inhabitants of that thriving New Jersey settlement which the public hears of once a year in connection with horse-racing and a horse fair, would be very well pleased with our recent illustrations of the cruelties practiced in their workhouse. The Paterson Daily Press, which we may suppose expresses the views of the Philistines and Pharisees of Paterson, is especially angry with us, and threatens dire punishment on all who read, buy or sell the obnoxious number. But, in the first place, this paper is not published to suit the tastes of any single individual nor of any particular community; and again, so long as our illustrations are founded on unimpeached evidence given before a Court of Inquiry, and convey to the public a more vivid idea than mere words can, of the oppressions of the poor and defenseless in the "habitations of cruelty," we are not to be deterred in the discharge of a public duty by the scoldings of those whose evil deeds are laid bare.

The Paterson Daily Press takes a view of the duties of journalism which would be inexcusable in a metropolitan newspaper, but is hardly surprising when we consider how a village journal is bound by the spirit of



BORING FOR A FOUNDATION FOR THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM BROOKLYN TO NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 387.

clique and partisanship. It is not asserted that our able artist has gone beyond the truth in his delineation of Sigler and his misdeeds. The evidence is too strong for that. Our offense appears to be that we "injure the reputation of a whole community"—that "we libel the city of Paterson"—and "inflict lasting injury on its good name." Now this can only be true in the extreme and highly improbable case that the inhabitants of Paterson have pinned their reputation on the character of Sigler. His whippings of women and children only affect the character of the community so far as that community justifies or approves them. Workhouse cruelties are, unfortunately, no novelty in history. Bumble, Squares and Miss Miggs are types of this class, which existed long before Sigler came to his present bad eminence, and will, we fear, exist long after he is forgotten. Paterson is not disgraced because this man has attached himself to one of her institutions. She can only be disgraced by supporting him after his evil deeds have been exposed. And we think too highly of the virtue and intelligence of an American community to suppose that a spirit of partisanship will be for a moment allowed to weigh against proved cruelties and abuse of trust.

The Paterson Daily Press seems to think that we have some spite against its native place. If it had followed the course of this journal for some years past, it would see that the only spite we have is against cruelty and wrong wherever they are found. We represented pictorially the starvation and oppression in the Paterson workhouse in the same way and for the same purpose as we represented the atrocities at Andersonville, and as we are ready to-morrow to hold up for public detestation any similar facts on Blackwell's Island, if they can be proved to exist there. We invite our contemporary, when his better sense returns, to join us in this crusade against the corruptions which time and the perverse nature of most men when invested with uncontrolled authority produce in the best intentioned institutions. He talks of an "effort at redress." Will not some one in Paterson send us some artistic illustration of the piety and goodness of Sigler? Of his kindness to the poor wretches under his charge, of his devotion to them in sickness, of his Christian administration in the hour of death? Such would be one kind of redress. Another, and more practicable, because more true, would be for the Paterson authorities to do their duty. To dismiss this man, to declare him incapable of public employment, and thus purge themselves from the shame of having been misled into employing him.

The verdict of the Court of Inquiry has not yet reached us. If one might judge from the demeanor of Sigler, from his cool effrontery, from his defiance of all decency in smoking his cigar while before the court, he is reckoning on some secret influence which shall bear him harmless. It is quite possible he may escape without censure; but we beg to remind the Paterson Daily Press that though he may be whitewashed at home, there is a public opinion in this country which both he and it have outraged, and which will not be so easily conciliated.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
337 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

NOTICE.

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Frank Leslie's Pictorial Almanac for 1868.

On next Saturday we shall issue FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1868, an elegant Annual, containing the Calendar and Astronomical Data for the Year, with Statistics, Useful Tables, and a variety of interesting matter, embellished with sixty fine illustrations on Wood, and a beautiful Chromo-Lithograph; Price 50 cents. Also, FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1868, a Manual for the Ladies, containing a complete and accurate Calendar, sixty elegant illustrations, a beautiful Plate, printed in colors, with a variety of useful and entertaining matter of the greatest interest to Ladies; Price 50 cents.

On the Presidential Term.

Nothing could be more perfect than our form of Government, if our public men were statesmen instead of politicians. Such men as the founders of our great Republic were naturally borne above the degrading suspicion that a citizen of a community which numbered Washington, Franklin and Jefferson among its sons, could, like a second Esau, sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Yet now, men, whom the people have elevated to the highest position a free man can attain, have not failed,

under the seductive influence of powerful patronage, or the flattery of corrupt dependents, to ignore their country's good for their own personal advancement, and to perform the part of a Benedict Arnold without its danger.

It would seem as if the poet's description,

"Man never is, but always to be blest!"

was more especially intended for our leading politicians; for they seem only to care about position to use it as a stepping-stone to either its continuance, if they have already attained its highest step, or to advance themselves if they are only on the lower rung of the ladder. Their actual duties are, therefore, either neglected or used for ulterior ends. The public good is entirely lost sight of; they do not represent the community, but only their own selfish purposes.

It would be easy to prove that almost all our national misfortunes are owing to the intriguing for votes to secure the Presidential election. One of the latest instances is the disgraceful trucking to the cowardly and bombastic swindle of the Fenian movement, which was known from the first to be merely a plan for defrauding the most credulous and ignorant portion of a credulous and ignorant people out of their hard-earned savings to support such men as Mahoney, Stephens, Roberts, and other greedy cormorants. Indeed it is not speaking too harshly of both parties when we assert that their plotting is carried on with more or less reference to the next Presidential election.

Surely with such facts before us, no honest American, no true republican, no genuine lover of liberty, can hesitate as to the propriety of considering how far it is advisable to place temptation out of the reach of our present unhappy specimens of public men, by rescinding the law which admits the eligibility of any man to a second Presidential term, or by a tacit understanding that one term shall be a cardinal principle in our politics. Surely it is honor enough for the most deserving of our citizens to be for once the chief magistrate of the United States.

The advantages resulting to the public service by withdrawing the grand temptation to neglect of official duties are too manifest to need recital. If this glittering prize were removed, there would be excited in the incumbent of the office a patriotic desire to do his duty to his country, and the germ of all plotting for re-election would be destroyed. Instead of narrowing his views to his own selfish interests, he would be able to devote his undivided attention to the duties of his high and responsible station. He would then have leisure enough and independence enough to be the impartial executive of a great people. It would confer upon him a freedom of thought and action he does not now possess. It would enable him to look at every question in its true light, apart from the distorting influence of how it might tell upon his chances of success for a re-nomination.

Neither in general reflections on this subject would it be out of place to consider whether non-eligibility to re-election as President might not fitly be associated with a prolongation of the single term. The question is one merely of expediency. We adhere to the principles laid down by our forefathers.

The reasons which led them to fix on the term of four years instead of five, three, or six, may have been justified by the political status of their times. And if that status have changed, if, moreover, after long experience the term of four years be proved to be too restricted, there is no valid reason why it should not be enlarged. It is a trite remark that we live in a fast age. With the rapid means of communication now in use the whole country is now brought practically into closer intercourse than Rhode Island was with New York in the days of the Revolution. The rapidity with which the whole mass is leavened with political ideas partakes of the marvelous. Unrest, excitement, the impossibility of standing still, are the lot of this generation, and there is no probability that our descendants will find any relief from this constant turmoil. But in so grave and momentous an event as the change of our chief magistrate many of the best minds among us see only a great evil in its recurrence in the short intervals now established by law.

In the early ages of the Republic, before its policy and character had acquired the firmness and consistency of age, when "it was in its gristle and had not yet hardened into bone," frequent changes of the President might have been advisable, so that the people, the ultimate appeal, might have the opportunity of correcting and changing whatever they deemed amiss. Now that our home and foreign policy are settled on a basis that cannot be shaken, the change of Presidents mean little else than a fresh distribution of patronage, a new readjustment of the loaves and fishes. How detrimental this is to the public service cannot but strike any calm observer of our political system. It is then well worthy of careful deliberation whether an extension of the Presidential term to seven years might not

conduce to the public good, and be of vast advantage to the public service. Politicians by trade will, of course, be bitterly opposed to any such change, because the agitations on which they thrive would then be lulled; but to the great mass of the people who desire to pursue their avocations untroubled by the now frequent recurrence of party strife, such lengthened intervals of popular elections would be a welcome relief.

Gamblers and Gambling.

In this season of summer heats anything cooling is refreshing, even though it be impudence. And for cool impudence we know of nothing which excels the meeting of gamblers called together to devise means to resist the operations of a Society formed for the laudable and express purpose of putting them down. To hear these gentry talk one would really think they were martyrs in some good cause, that they were checked in some laudable enterprise, and that they were doing all the good in their power, when this Society insolently comes and interferes with them. Poor innocent lambs! They have sent one of their fraternity to Congress, they have bought up the police and the magistracy—and if this expression be thought too strong, we wish any one who objects to it would tell us by what other means the strong arm of the law has hitherto been paralyzed—and now to be annoyed by a self-constituted inquisitorial body of citizens, is really too bad! We can fancy the surprise of a stranger to our institutions if he were told that these men who complain of unwarrantable interference were felons and outcasts. That their profession is under the ban of the law. That it is the most pernicious imaginable. That it leads to as much crime as dram-drinking. That its victims fill our jails, and that every year hundreds of families are plunged into the utmost misery by the nefarious arts of these gamblers by profession.

Perhaps we shall hear next that a number of men who delight in cruelty to animals have met together, determined to resist the wanton interference of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The active exertions of Mr. Bergh in his admirable undertaking have filled them with alarm and indignation. They cannot bear to have their privileges abridged, and are resolved that they will suffer it no longer: and if they were as united and as rich as the confederated gamblers, they might possibly succeed.

We do not know who the founders of this "Society for the Suppression of Gambling" are, or what means they have for carrying out their purposes, but we cannot refrain from wishing them a large measure of success. The evil they set themselves to conquer is a gigantic one, and it will require no small fortitude and resolution to insure success. There is no form of opposition they will not meet. Obloquy, ridicule, and even personal violence, will be sure to attend them; but, on the other hand, they will have the approval of every citizen whose good opinion is worth having, and the approbation of a good conscience, without which all other rewards would be worthless.

Model Family Hotels.

If one may believe the statements of the daily papers, the era of high rents is passing rapidly away, partly owing to the increase of new houses, and partly to large numbers of people having taken refuge in the suburbs. Still rents are high—enormously high; and everybody, except landlords, wishes they were lower. So much has already been said upon the way in which space is economized in Paris, that we suppose there are few newspaper-readers who do not know that the houses there are divided into suites of apartments, each as complete, with its kitchen and appurtenances, as if it were a separate and independent house, the only connection of one suite with another being that of a common stairway. It has often been proposed to introduce some such system here, and we are glad to hear that a building is now in course of erection to carry out the idea. But in the details, as laid before the public, there is, we conceive, one serious mistake, and that is the proposal to have one common hall or restaurant for the occupants of the rooms. It is only to get rid of hotel life, with all its pernicious influences, that families set up housekeeping; and the advantages of having one's own establishment are entirely lost if a public table is to be a necessary adjunct. The enormous expense of a restaurant, as compared with the cost of a private kitchen, will go far to counterbalance a diminished rent. This might, of course, be obviated by fixing a low scale of charges, or working it on the co-operative principle; but still this objection holds good, that, by making strict privacy of the family impossible, an element is introduced fatal to the success of the scheme. There can be no architectural difficulty in arranging suites of rooms, from five to ten in number, having the ceilings "deadened," provided with kitchens and the other usual offices of a well-appointed house all on one floor, and with slate-lined

slides for sending all garbage to a common receptacle in the basement; but to insist that the families inhabiting such a building shall eat in a common room, and be subject, *volentes volentes*, to the nuisances of one another's children, is to bring the project at once into disrepute. Besides supporting his own family, a man does not wish to support an eating-house, and one, besides, not of his own choice.

Scientific Murder of Infants.

Our friends the French have rather a queer way of conducting their scientific experiments. The celebrated chemist Liebig fancies he has discovered a substitute for the natural maternal aliment of infants. Perhaps after a careful analysis he considered that he had discovered the component parts of the milk, and compounded it by mixing together the separate chemical elements his analysis had disclosed. The mixture, as described, must have been nauseous enough, and unfortunately it was something worse. Dr. Depaul administered it to four infants at different times, and as they speedily died, he thought it advisable to discontinue the experiments. He exonerates the inventor, however, by naively confessing that he had not attended to some precautions which Liebig had considered essential.

But before expressing much holy horror at the practices of other people, let us see whether we do not do something worse, under a plea which is quite as inhuman. Massachusetts has a bad character for having more children destroyed before birth than any two of the other States combined. But without seeking to discover why this crime is so frequent in that Puritan stronghold, let us see what we do for babies after they are safely ushered into this world. The bills of mortality show that for children under four years of age New York is, during the summer months, the most deadly place in Christendom. Unripe fruit, and soothing mixtures of all kinds, no doubt, do their appointed work; but beyond those we must look to overcrowded and uncleanly rooms, bad ventilation, the miasma rising in the streets from decaying vegetable matter, and the ignorance and prejudices of mothers, as the true causes of this shocking mortality.

We would venture to recommend a full consideration of this subject to our friend Dr. Dixon, whose work, "Backbone," we have just read with much pleasure. It is well suited to his vigorous pen, always ready to do battle against ignorance and neglect of duty. When the death-rate of infants in this city is reduced to moderate limits, we may have a right to reproach our neighbors with their "slaughter of the innocents." Certainly not till then.

Illegible Scrawls.

Our exchanges from both West and East have some curious comments on the habit of writing illegibly, which some ill-informed persons seem to think is characteristic of a great mind, whereas, nine times out of ten, it originates in carelessness, and is continued in defiance of the comfort of those who must read it. Thus, from Buffalo, we are told, that a Judge of the Bankruptcy Court rejected a petition on the ground of illegible writing, and upon receiving a letter from a prominent lawyer on the subject, observed, that if the rejected petition had been as badly scrawled as the epistle in question, he would have committed its writer for contempt.

From England, too, we have a story equally good. During the recent debate on the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Lytton proposed an amendment, refusing the franchise to everybody who could not write legibly. The fun of the thing was, that the Clerk of the House was totally unable to read his lordship's own illegible writing, and the amendment was withdrawn without a division. Apropos of this incident, the *Spectator* remarks: "Of the letters received at this office, which are all from educated persons, at least ten per cent. are written in that detestable Italian hand which was studied twenty years ago, and are intelligible only to compositors. The introduction of note-paper spoiled half the hand-writings in England. The lines are not long enough to admit of legible letters."

Our own experience on this point scarcely confirms that of our clever contemporary; but in this connection we remember hearing some years ago that Lord Palmerston, while Home Secretary, addressed a circular to the masters of the national schools, directing their attention to the thin, scraggy style of writing taught to their pupils, and recommending the adoption of bolder, thicker strokes in forming the letters. Perhaps his lordship overlooked the fact that steel pens were gradually superseding the quill, and the bad style he reprehended was the natural consequence of this labor-saving substitute.

In the new kingdom of Italy, the church lands have been confiscated, and are to be sold. In payment, the bonds of the State, bearing five per cent. interest, will be accepted as par.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE oldest inhabitant, whose testimony is always called for, and whose memory is irrefragable, is confident that within his recollection there has never been so rainy an August as the one we have just passed through.

It has rained so persistently, so constantly and so copiously, that if August had forty days and forty nights in it, and the weather of the excess was like that which has been, our faith in the rainbow as a sign of promise would be inclined to be shaken.

Now nothing is pleasanter than a summer shower, particularly if it comes at an opportune time, when you are at home, if you live in the city, and are not walking in a thin summer suit, or have just returned from a drive in an open buggy in the Park; or if you live in the country, have taken all your hay in, or have not yet cut it; but during this August there has been a continued shower. The sky has looked for days together like the sky of November. An umbrella has been as necessary an article of outdoor clothing as an overcoat in January.

It would seem as though there must be some trouble somewhere; a hitch in the procession of the equinoxes, or something of that kind.

It is not good for the corn, the potatoes are rotting, and the peach crop will be spoiled.

If we lived in a state of superabundance, it would be said that the excessive rain, especially on Sundays, was to show us how foolish an obligatory water régime was, whether produced by nature or by the Excise law.

The announcement that an agent of Charles Dickens is in this country for the purpose of examining whether it is advisable for the great novelist to pay a second visit to America, has excited great attention both in the press and in private circles.

And no wonder that it should; for we predict that a personal visit from Dickens would excite more enthusiasm than that of almost any other noted Englishman. It is doubtful whether John Bright even would be more hospitably received. For in his sphere of action Dickens has done as large-hearted a democratic work as Bright. Through all his writings there runs as human a spirit, that the great truth of our common fraternity owes its social acceptance to him, as much as the agitation for his political acceptance does to Bright. All means, let him, then, pay his second visit to us; let him not be afraid that we cherish any ill-feeling from what he has written of us on the occasion of his first.

Perhaps he will look at us with different eyes now from what he did then. Most probably since that time he has changed as much as we have. Our experience has enlarged. There has been occasion for earnest and manly work since then, and we have met the emergency like men.

It is quite possible, however, that on his second visit, as on his first, Dickens may find much to amuse him. He does this at home. But if he will only give us the opportunity to laugh at the ridiculous characters he finds among ourselves as heartily as we do at the long procession of laughter-provoking characters he finds in England, we will promise to enjoy the fun he furnishes with as little ill-feeling afterward as his own countrymen display for the delineations he has given of specimens selected from among themselves.

Besides this, however, he will come intending to offer us a treat; for since his first visit he has not only perfected his reputation as a novelist, but has gained another as a reader, and unquestionably the best in this department as he is in the first.

By the universal opinion of those best qualified to judge, it is a privilege to hear him read some of his own writings. It gives new and unexpected value to many of the touches of character. We see what these ideal creations were in the imagination of their author, and they become more like living realities in our minds than they did before.

To the readers of his writings in this country, and their name is legion, to see and hear Dickens read would be a pleasure which they would eagerly enjoy, and both for their sakes and for his we hope he will decide to come. Among all the projected entertainments for the coming season, none would be more satisfactory to the audience, and, most probably, as gratifying to the performer. By all means, therefore, let him make up his mind to pay us another visit.

During the summer weather those of our friends who live in the country, seem to have the advantage over such of us as are forced to remain all the season in the city. To be sure the majority of them come in every morning with baskets in which to obtain their supplies of butter, fruit, vegetables, etc., since these things are somehow always found in cities, but never in the country, or such parts of it as are frequented by city people. But then on the other hand they drag of the trees and grass they have, of the purer air, and of the pleasant modes of travel by which they reach their homes, so much preferable to the cars or omnibuses.

It is fortunate that all of those who travel thus daily to their homes are not forced to take the Hoboken ferry in order to get there. That institution appears now to be trying its best to surpass even the discomforts and outrages of the Long Island Railroad and the ferry run in connection with it. Heretofore it has appeared that among all nuisances this was easily the first, but a proceeding last week on the Hoboken ferry shows a commencement which, if persisted in, may probably win them the palm.

The boat that started from Barclay street, when about in the middle of the stream, became disabled from a defective engine, and thus drifted helplessly up the stream. After about an hour, the people on shore appeared to become aware that something was wrong, and so another boat was sent to its aid, but this, on reaching the first, became itself disabled, and thus the two lay helpless together until a third was sent, so that to make the trip across the river took an hour and three-quarters.

Amusements in the City.

In April, 1859, Miss Davenport opened the Metropolitan Theatre for some time previously known as Burton's, and later as the Winter Garden. For the opening night the play selected was the "Carrara," as the heroine of which the lady achieved a marked success. Not long afterward Miss Davenport disappeared from the stage, having become the wife of the late brilliant and accomplished General Lander. Within a few years past Mrs. Lander has made an occasional appearance before the public in some of her favorite characters. Last week, as we are happy to record, Mrs. Lander opened the French Theatre for a season, playing in a new version of "Elizabeth, Queen of England," a play in which Ristori achieved her greatest success here last winter. A very finished piece of art is the rendering of the Queen by Mrs. Lander. Less striking in presence than Madame Ristori, this lady has yet a dignity about her fitting to the most successful impersonation of lofty character. Her action is always graceful and striking. As a stu-

dent of her art she has manifestly been most assiduous, and the result is that she may now be truthfully placed as the best actress on the American stage. No person having a true feeling for art should omit to see Mrs. Lander's rendering of "Queen Elizabeth" at the French Theatre.

At Wallack's Lot is still charming the public as Little Nell and the Marchioness, in Mr. John Brougham's clever version of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

"Under the Gaslight" continues to maintain its place on the programme of the New York Theatre.

"Dombey and Son," with Mr. Brougham and Miss Emily Thorne, keeps open house at the Olympic, to the delight of what may be set down as good-paying audiences.

There have been some new importations within a few days past for the ballet of the everlasting "Black Crook." It is beyond our arithmetic to calculate the aggregate number of dancers imported for this spectacle since its opening night away back toward the last generation.

At Barnum's, that prince of pantomimists, Mr. G. L. Fox, is drawing crowds to view the fairy pantomime of "Mother Goose and her Golden Egg." Pantomime imparts a sense of Christmas freshness even to these muggy autumnal nights.

Miss Leo Hudson has reappeared at the Bowery in "Rookwood" and "M'chief-Making," closing on Saturday night last.

A grand concert was given by the Arion Vocal Society on Saturday evening, at the Terrace Garden. Ordinarily Mr. Theodore Thomas's concerts are continued at this pleasant place of recreation.

"Nobody's Daughter" keeps the run at Barnard's, where matinees were given on Wednesday and Saturday last.

There is unusual activity in the Minstrel circles at present. Indeed there are so many entertainments of this kind now in operation, that we have not space to keep record of them. Mr. Neil Bryant has just returned from a visit to Europe. His brother Dan took his departure a few days ago to play a round of engagements in California.

ART GOSSIP.

A view of Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, by David Johnson, is now to be seen at Schauss's. It is an autumnal scene, in which the brilliant foliage of that season is brought into quiet contrast with pearly atmospheric grays. The painter has been very successful in maintaining harmony throughout this picture, a matter of considerable difficulty in painting autumnal scenes; and the careful study of his foreground rocks is especially worthy of notice. Mr. Johnson is one of our rising young artists, and, unless we are much mistaken, one who is destined to attain a high position among painters of American landscape.

Artists complain of the difficulty of obtaining studios in this city. Here is a chance for doing something in the co-operative building way. A committee of artists to agitate this subject ought at once to be formed.

A great drawback to the study of art in this country is the difficulty of obtaining living models of a picturesque character; hence it is that our figure-painters are obliged to have recourse to photographs, books of costume and other sources that are limited in their teachings. Excepting plantation negroes and wild Indians, there are no picturesque figures in our North American groups. French Canada, or what is now known as the Province of Quebec, would be an excellent field for some of our genre painters to explore, on account of the quaint guise of the inhabitants and their old-fashioned accessories.

J. F. Kensett is at work on a large picture of Lake George. Louis Lang, whose studio is in the same building with Mr. Kensett's, will reopen his School of Art for Ladies on the 1st of November.

William Hart is making sea-shore studies on the rock-bound coast of Maine.

M. L. Mercier is at work on a large picture of Jerome Park during a race-meeting. The subject will afford a good opportunity for giving horse character and action, in the rendering of which M. Mercier is proficient. This picture will probably appear at the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design.

Not many engravers are painters, but we have two belonging to this city who have attained eminence in both branches of art. Mr. A. H. Ritchie would have commanded success as a painter of figure-pieces had he made that a specialty instead of an occasional resource. He is now engaged upon an engraving after his picture of the "Death-Bed of Lincoln." Marshall, one of the best line-engravers of America—or anywhere else, for that matter—paints very strong portraits. Many of our readers must be familiar with his engraving of Abraham Lincoln, which was from a portrait painted by Marshall himself. The same artist has painted an excellent likeness of General Grant, on an engraving from which he is now assiduously at work.

Boring for a Foundation to the New Suspension Bridge from Brooklyn to New York City.

The scheme for connecting New York and Brooklyn with a bridge has assumed a practical shape, and our illustration represents the boring which has commenced upon the Brooklyn side to test the question how far the foundations will have to go in order to reach the solid rock. The Directors of the Company, of which there are thirty, have advanced \$10,000 individually to carry on the experiments now being made. A subdivision of the Executive Committee of the Company are engaged on a report, the object of which will be to show the probable cost of the bridge and the character of the enterprise as a speculation. Other subdivisions of the same committee are engaged in collecting statistics of various kinds. Evidently everything is being done which can be to conduct the enterprise to a successful termination.

The boring on the north side of the Fulton ferry has now reached a depth of between sixty and seventy feet. The substratum is found to be firm and filled with heavy boulders. The indications are that solid rock is very far below the surface. Mr. Spangler, who is conducting these operations, is the gentleman who bored the well at Columbus, Ohio, which is 2,775 feet deep, and which is said to be the deepest artesian well in the world. Our illustration shows the machinery used in this process.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—It is reported that Edwin Booth has decided to commence the erection of his theatre at the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, immediately. The building will be lighted from the centre of the ceiling, and will be made, as far as possible, fire-proof. In the interest of the public, we trust that some attention will be given to making the seats comfortable and

sufficiently commodious to accommodate the legs of the hearers.

—The removing of the rocks at Hell-Gate is exciting attention, and Congress is called upon to furnish the means necessary for the work. There are three estimates made of the expense of making the channel twenty-four feet deep at low water; the first requires over five millions, the second over seven and a half millions, and the third two and a half millions. At almost any cost, however, the result, if gained, would be cheap.

—The West is famous for doing things in a thorough way; even in their amusements the same qualities are evinced. The present rage for base-ball has taken such hold upon them that the Board of Trade of Chicago has challenged the Common Council of that city to a match game. The next novelty will be the judges and the persons contending in the same spirit of friendly emulation.

—A correspondent writing from Norwalk, Conn., speaks of some of the industrial enterprises in that town, and is particularly struck with a shirt factory employing some 300 women, in which the cleanliness of the rooms and the character of the employees, many of whom were evidently persons of education and refinement, excited his delighted surprise. This result is gained by the organization of labor, and the same effects can be reached by the same means in every one of the interests of life. To impress this fact upon the people, and to practically realize it, is the most important task now offered the world.

—The improvement of the Jersey flats is one of the largest industrial undertakings ever performed in this country, and will have an incalculable effect upon the future of that State.

—General Pope in his report suggests, that if the colored people of the South continue to show as much anxiety and eagerness to obtain education as they have since the war, while the whites on the other hand persist in the indisposition to education which they have shown during the same time, that in five years the intelligence and education of the South, so far as the masses are concerned, will be transferred to the colored population. There is so much truth in this suggestion, that it would be well for the whole country, North and South, to recognize it fully.

—Among the revolutionary tendencies of the time, not the least important is that which projects the enfranchisement of women from the tyranny of fashion and dependence upon Paris. Doubtless such a reform would be hailed with delight by every class except the aristocracy of modists and mantua-makers, and with peculiar satisfaction by that inconsiderable class in this portion of society, the men who have to pay the bills, while even the women themselves would no doubt be better satisfied with freedom in this matter than with their present abject slavery. It is certain, however, that in order to make such a reform complete and durable, the women must be given something to do. Life to them must be made a matter of more serious interest than simply dressing. To obtain and keep a healthy and well-instructed mind in a healthy body, meant, for example, be made an object of more interest than the simple decking their bodies in the latest style of flippers.

Foreign.

—Mr. Hume, the notorious American Spiritualist in England, having been adopted by an old lady named Lyons, has been presented by her with a fortune, on condition that he would take her name. The matter is now the subject of a lawsuit for the recovery of the money.

—The confinement in jail for three weeks, with hard labor, of six persons for picking a few worthless berries on Sunday, which was the sentence of a country magistrate in Sussex, England, recently, has been the subject of a discussion in Parliament.

—Biondin, the great rope-walker, having made an engagement to appear at the new garden at Asnières, near Paris, was forced recently to break it, on account of his weight which was nearly out through, so that his weight would have broken it. It is supposed that this was done by some envious rival.

—The Directors of the Isthmus of Suez Canal have made a call upon the stockholders for another 100,000,000 francs, whereas the stockholders are indignant at one of them remarking that they would be better satisfied if the money already spent had produced enough water in the canal to enable them to throw this call into it.

—The *Saturday Review* says, that "Whenever there is a crowd in London, there is now an organized assault on property and person; that is, whenever there is a London mob, robbery reigns triumphant. As a matter of fact, life and liberty are not safe in London." This, it would appear, is the last and best result of the vaunted nineteenth century civilization as evolved in London.

—The Lord Mayor of London has been made a baronet for his reception of the Sultan, and the two sheriffs who aided him have been knighted.

—The committee appointed under the new Government in Hayti to examine into the public accounts under ex-President G. F. F. administration, and the state of the public treasury, have made their report, which contains some startling facts as to the way in which the public money was squandered. From the report it appears that G. F. F.'s official income amounted to \$40,000 (gold) per annum, besides which he drew from the treasury \$7,000 a year for table money, that is, for entertaining visitors at the national palace; and he had at his sole disposal, in addition, the sum of \$30,000 for secret police. The extraordinary expenses incurred for the personal surroundings and comforts of his Excellency amounted annually to almost as much as the secret police money. Thus for the year 1866, we have the following charges: February 28, furniture and viands for the palace, \$1,236; 26th February, furniture and crystals, \$3,225; March 5, repairs of furniture at the palace, and payment of workmen, \$8,325; July 28, repairing of furniture, and twelve dozen glasses, \$4,170; September 10, repairs of furniture, and pay of workmen in the garden, \$6,136; October 25, purchase of lamps, \$720—nearly \$24,000 in one year. In another place we find a charge of \$1,749 for sweetmeats, and in another the sum of \$280 for a coachman.

—The question of cremation is being agitated again in Paris. Great apprehensions, it appears, are entertained, that the proposed new cemetery at Pontoise, though of the great extent of 2,125 acres, will exercise a baneful effect on the health of Paris. The plan originated by Dr. Caffie, of that city, of burying the dead by means of an apparatus which he has given the name of sarcophagi, appears to be favorably entertained. By its adoption the ashes of the deceased might be easily preserved.

—A blue book has been published in England, containing reports from ministers and consuls in other countries on industrial questions and Trades Unions. In its contents there are full reports of the co-operative societies in France and Germany; and it also shows how the law, in most European countries, interferes with the formation of Trades Unions, so as effectually to prevent them. The injustice of this legal action is evident from the fact that such combinations are not only allowed, but protected.

—At the Paris Exposition, the Czar of Russia exhibited a stallion which was a natural trotter, and which, never having been trained, had developed an extraordinary degree of speed. This was the horse Bedouin, an animal of Arabian blood, crossed with Holland stock. He has been in the Emperor's stables ever since foaling, and began to show the qualities of a trotter at seven years. When the Czar went to Paris he took the stallion with him. In June last a trial was made of the speed of the horse in the Bois de Boulogne, in the presence of a large gathering of English and American gentlemen patrons of the turf. The track was a rounded rectangle, much the shape and size of one of our ordinary half-mile courses. In a heavy Russian gig, weighing 125 lbs, the groom of the stallion, a man weighing 125 lbs, drove the horse, which was very fleshy, and not by any means in good speeding condition, three times about the course in time of 4.47. The track was measured by several gentlemen curious to know

the exact time, and was found to measure nearly five eighths of a mile. The stallion had therefore trotted a mile and seven-eighths at the rate of 2.23 1/4 to the mile! The effort was at once made by a number of our Americans to purchase the horse, and Elias Howe, Jun., offered \$100,000 for him, it is said. The Czar refused to part with him, intending to keep him for breeding purposes. Bedouin is eleven years old, fifteen hands three inches in height, and weighed at the time of the above trial 1,130 pounds. He has a beautiful head, limbs clean and very strong, with a tail sweeping the ground. It was thought that, in good condition, the stallion could trot a mile in 2.11 at least.

BOUTS RIMES.

Bouts rimés, or rhyming terminations, are, as their name implies, a French invention. One Dula, a foolish poet, whose sonnets were fashionable in France, had a singular custom of preparing the rhymes of these poems, to be filled up, at leisure. Having being robbed of his papers, he regretted particularly the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends expressing their astonishment that he had composed so many which they had never heard of, he replied, "They were blank sonnets," and explained the mystery by describing his bouts rimés. The idea appeared ridiculously amusing, and it soon became a fashionable amusement to collect the most difficult rhymes and fill up the lines. This amusement soon found its way to England, and was most particularly patronized by Sir John and Lady Miller, at their villa at Bathaston, a suburb of Bath.

It appeared that Sir John and his lady, when on their tour in Italy (of which Lady Miller published an account), purchased an antique vase found at Frascati. This they brought home and placed in their villa, which they converted into a temple of Apollo, the lady being the high priestess, and the vase the shrine of the deity. A general invitation was issued to all the sons and daughters of fashion of the neighboring city, "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," every Thursday. One week a series of bouts rimés were given out which were to be filled up by the candidates for poetic fame. On the next day of reception the company were ushered into a room, where they found the old Etruscan vase placed upon a modern altar, and decorated with sprigs of laurel; and as each gentleman and lady passed the venerable relic, an offering was made in a version of the original bouts rimés. The assembly having all contributed their morceaus, a lady was selected from the circle, who, dipping her fair hand into the vase, drew the papers out hap-hazard as they occurred, and gave them to a gentleman to read aloud. This process being concluded, a select committee was appointed to determine the respective merits of the poems and award the prizes. These retired into an adjoining room and fixed upon the four best productions, the blushing authors of which, when they had identified their compositions, were presented by the high-priestess, the lady of the mansion, with a fillet of myrtle, and crowned amidst the applause of the company. The most sensible part of the affair, a gentle collation, terminated the gala. Only one of the prize poems on these occasions, written by Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland, has found a place on the roll of literary follies; and we here give it as a sample of the tone of the literary spirit which pervaded the upper classes toward the end of the last century, when scribbling poetry of the Della Cruscan school was all the rage, and which Gifford so unmercifully castigated in his "Baviad and Maviad."

The bouts rimés given were:

brandish,	folly,
standish,	puffin,
patten,	muffin,
satin,	feast on,
olio,	Bathaston.

From which the poetical duchess produced the following effusion:

The pen which I now take and	brandish,
Has long lain useless in my	standish,
Know every maid from her in	patten
To her who shines in glossy	satin,
That could they now prepare an	olio,
From best receipt of book in	follo,
Ever so fine for all their	puffin,
I should prefer a buttered	muffin:
A muffin I've myself might	feast on,
If eat with Miller at	Bathoston.

An exceedingly clever and curious compound of the acrostic and bouts rimés was written by Bogart, a young American poet, who died, alas! too soon to be enrolled in the annals of literary fame. Bogart had so extraordinary a facility in composing impromptu verses, that some persons suspected he prepared the pieces beforehand. To test the fact, it was proposed, at a literary re-union in New York, that he should write down the letters forming the name of Lydia Kane, then the reigning belle of this city, and as these letters would afford as many lines as a stanza of "Childie Harold." Byron's work should be opened at random, and the first stanza taken, of which the last word of each line was to form the bouts rimés of the acrostic.

Bogart assented to this singular proposition, asserting that he could perform the difficult feat in ten minutes. The stanza that chance allotted was the following:

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal!
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart
Of steel?

Bogart, taking pen in hand, wrote the following stanza, fulfilling the conditions of the proposition, just within the time he announced:

Lovely and loved, o'er the unconquered	brave
Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall	reign,
Dear as the mother holds her infant's	grave,
In Love's warm regions, warm, romantic	Spain,
And should your fate to court your steps	ordain,
Kings would in vain to regal pomp	appeal,
And lordly bishops kneel to you in	vain,
Nor Valor's fire, Law's power, nor Churchman's zeal	Endure 'gainst Love's (time's up) untarnished steel.

Bouts rimés are still an interesting and intellectual amusement of many fireside circles. Indeed the best that we have met with were composed at a quiet family party, by a gentleman well-known in the literary world: The words proposed were:

dark,	where,
around	strife,
hark,	dear,
sound,	life,
shrill,	bright,
still,	night.

From which the verses underneath were formed:

'Tis night; the mourning vest of nature—	dark
And gloomy is the starless sky;	around
A melancholy illness reigns; but	hark!
'Tis but the hooting owl. A	sound
Again breaks on the silence; 'tis a	shrill
Cry from some churchyard—all again is	still.

Where now the grandeur of creation?	Where
The crowds that mingle in the busy	strife?
All's now a dismal chaos, lone and	dear
Rayless and black. And thus it is with	life—
While the scene is beautiful and	bright;
Then comes one deep, and dark, and cheerless night.	

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



EMBARKATION OF THE BELGIAN RIFLEMEN AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON.

Embarkation of the Belgian Riflemen at Westminster Bridge, London.

We give an illustration of the embarkation at West-

set house, and marched, about eleven, through the Strand, Charing Cross, Whitehall and Parliament street to the pier at the Speaker's Landing-place, beneath the



SCENE ON THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE BELGIANS FROM LONDON.

immense crowd of people was assembled on the bridge, and greeted each detachment of the Belgians with the heartiest cheers, while the Belgian national air, the

ance to Gravesend, besides one, the Fairy, occupied by the ladies invited as spectators, and another, the Swift, on board of which were Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and the



THEIR MAJESTIES THE EMPEROR AND KING OF PORTUGAL VISITING THE CHATEAU OF PIERREFONDS, PARIS.

minster Bridge of the Belgian Volunteers, and of their setting off in the river steamers which were engaged to

clock-towers of the Houses of Parliament, where they embarked. A guard of honor of the Queen's (West-



TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE SULTAN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE OTTOMAN SECTION, PARIS EXPOSITION.

"Brabançonne," was repeatedly played by the band. The Belgians were conducted to the pier and on board

other members of the Reception Committee, accompanied by Colonel Grégoire, the commanding officer of



THE CANONIZATION OF THE SAINTS AT ST. PETER'S IN ROME, JUNE 29—VIEW OF THE PRESBYTERY OF ST. PETER AT THE MOMENT OF THE OFFERING.

take them down to Gravesend. They had been paraded at ten o'clock that morning in the quadrangle of Somer-

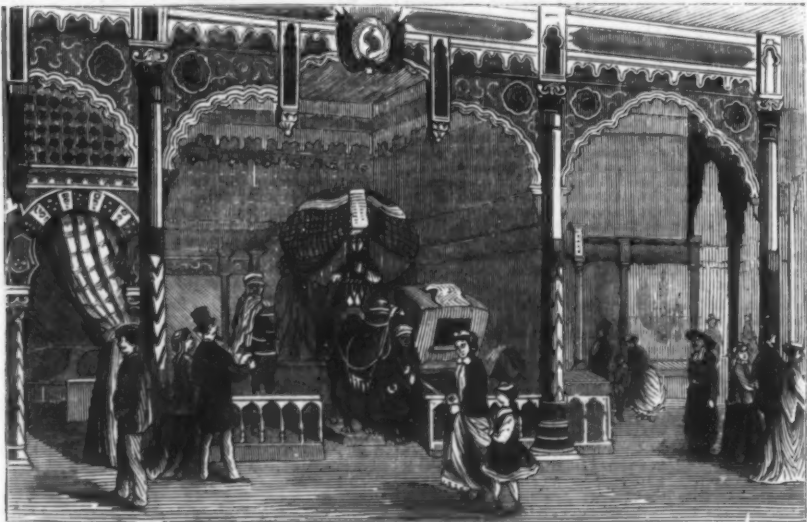
minsters), under the command of Lord Grosvenor, was stationed there, with the band of that regiment. An



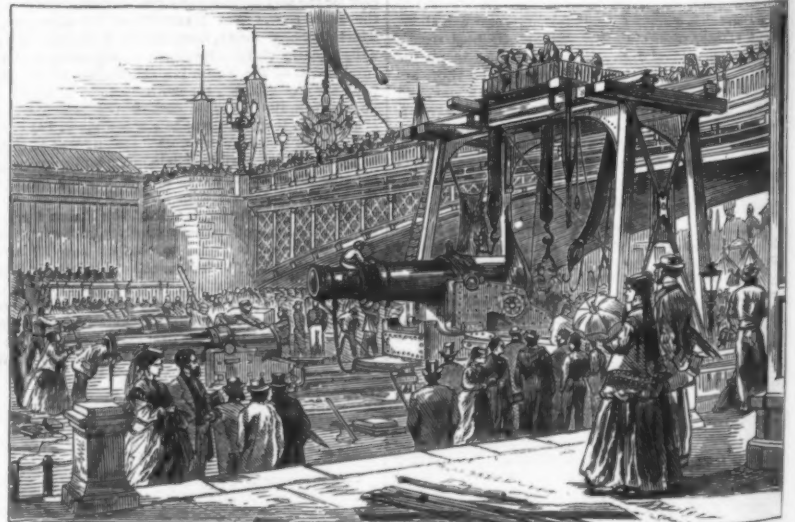
THE BARDU AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—HALL OF THE DIVAN—RECEPTION OF GUESTS ON THE RESERVE DAY.

the steamboats in detachments of 150 at a time. Six of the Belgians, with his staff. The band of the Hon-

the ordinary river boats were employed for their convey- able Artillery Company was on board the Fairy. The



THE TUNISIAN SECTION, PARIS EXPOSITION.

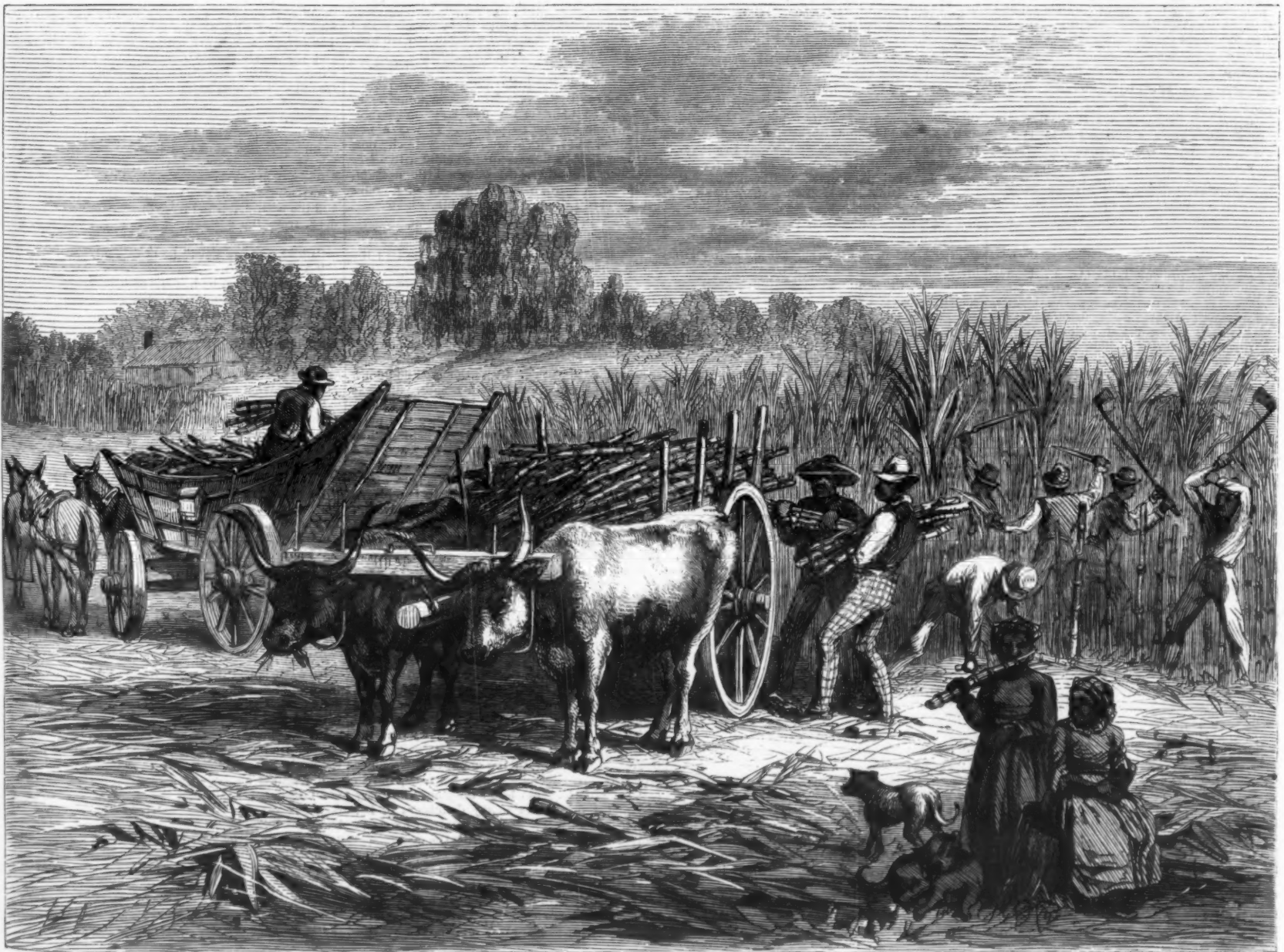


EXPOSITION OF THE MINISTER OF MARINE AT PARIS—CANNON WEIGHING 37,000 KILOGRAMMES.

American Exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition to whom First Prizes have been Awarded.



MESSESS. MASON & HAMLIN'S PARLOR ORGANS ON EXHIBITION AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.--FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.--SEE PAGE 391.



STRIPPING, CUTTING, LOADING, AND HAULING SUGAR-CANE TO THE MILL, IN LOUISIANA.--SEE PAGE 391.

tide being very low, it was nearly two hours before the whole party could get on board.

Scene on the Thames, at Westminster, on the Departure of the Belgians from London.

When the last detachment of Belgian Volunteers had embarked, the six steamers conveying them arranged themselves around the Swift, in the middle of the river; and the whole squadron moved off slowly, passing under the bridge and down the Thames in the manner which appears in our illustration. The vast assemblage of spectators, which by this time filled every standing-place on Westminster Bridge, the piers, the stairs, the terraces of the Houses of Parliament, the Thames Embankment, and in the adjacent streets, kept up an incessant roar of the loudest and most enthusiastic cheering; while the music of three military bands on board the steamboats harmonized with these tumultuous acclamations. At the Charing Cross Bridge, Waterloo, Bakers and London Bridges the same demonstrations were made.

The Emperor and the King of Portugal visiting the Chateau of Pierrefonds, Paris.

On the 24th of July the Emperor and the King of Portugal visited the chateau of Pierrefonds, which is one of the imperial mansions. This chateau, which is partially new, a portion being still unfinished, is near Compiègne, the favorite country residence of the Emperor. The original castle, of which the present building is a reconstruction, dates from the early feudal times.

The Canonization at St. Peter's, in Rome.

Our illustration represents the presbytery of St. Peter's at the moment of the offering, during the recent ceremony of the canonization of new saints. The occasion was a most brilliant one. The singular hats worn by the bishops on the sides, were originally intended to typify the cloven tongues of fire which rested upon the heads of the Apostles at the Feast of Pentecost, since the bishops in the church fill the position originally held by the Apostles.

The Tunisian Section at the Paris Exposition.

Our illustration represents the section occupied by Tunis at the Great Exposition. The Bardo, or palace built for the use of the Bey of Tunis, in the Park, has also been the subject for two of our illustrations, one in this, and the other in the last issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Triumphal Arch Erected in Honor of the Sultan, at the Entrance of the Ottoman Section of the Great Exposition, Paris.

Our illustration shows the triumphal arch erected in honor of the Sultan's visit, at the entrance to the Ottoman section in the park of the Great Exposition. The visit of the Sultan to the Christian countries of Europe and to Paris during the existence of this industrial display, may, if he is able to comprehend much that he has seen, be of great effect upon the industry of Turkey.

A Reception in the Hall of the Divan of the Bardo, at the Great Exposition, Paris.

The Bardo is the palace built at the Great Exposition for the Bey of Tunis, and is thought to be one of the most successful of the buildings erected to show the various styles of architecture in use in the world. Its magnificence and beauty is such that it would satisfy even the fastidious taste of those Pashas whose luxurious taste history has recorded for our wonderment. Our illustration represents the reception of invited guests in one of the saloons. The architect of the Bardo is M. Alfred Chapon.

Exposition of the Minister of Marine at Paris—Cannon Weighing 37,000 Kilogrammes.

The Minister of Marine at Paris has exhibited upon the quay specimens of the cannon used by the French navy. The largest of these, of which we give an illustration, was cast at Ruelle, and weighs 37,000 kilogrammes, the kilogramme being 2 pounds and 5½ ounces. The diameter of the bore is 42 centimetres, the centimetre being the 39.100 of an inch. This cannon is cast in gun metal, and is bound with steel. The bore is smooth.

THE COLLEGES OF THE DARK AGES.—Under the title of the Seven Arts was included all the information to be obtained at that time in the universities, and these acquisitions were denominated the "Trivium"—grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics, and the "Quadrivium," comprising arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. Theology, the science *par excellence*, was above and apart from this course. In this part of our essay, we shall only speak of the dialectics which, as then exercised, might have afforded occupation for an entire life. Dialectics originally implied conversation, from which it came afterward in a more particular sense to embrace the analysis and explanation of abstract terms. It was to words what logic was to ideas. In the school it implied a sort of word-fence in which, using a logical form, the debater chafed to obtain a victory without troubling himself whether he had right on his side or not. The sciences of the quadrivium afforded matter for the dialectic expositions, all carried on in Latin, in view of the discussions. "In these shows discourses which had the form of a sermon, with texts, divisions, and subdivisions, and perpetual citations from the Holy Scriptures, there was certainly no place for eloquence, nor even for order or clearness. Clearness was out of the question among the fantasies of the language. Latin was as a living tongue of which every one disposed according to his wish, using unrestrained liberty of forging words at will. In these hardy jousts, nothing could resist our doctors; their jargon for grammar and ordinary forms of speech was sublime; so was their intrepidity in making the Latin say what it never said before. The French disputers were held in dread in negotiations and conferences. The Count Palatine Robert sympathized with that Pope who would not agree to a certain decisive conference but on the condition that the doctors of Paris should not be allowed to take part in it. Count Robert thus spoke to the Emperor Wenceslas: 'Be on your guard in the interview proposed. There will be on the French side many able speakers; and as I fear you will have but few, as soon as they see they have no great resistance to meet, they will despise your Majesty.'"

It is, perhaps, worth noticing, that one of the most prominent mistranslations in the New Testament is that of the phrase in Acts ii. 3, rendered in our version by "cloven tongues," which is simply no sense at all, because a cloven tongue would be useless, the true meaning being "tongues allotted;" amongst them, the great word meaning simply to divide amongst or allot out anything. It is not perhaps generally known that this old error of "cloven tongues" is perpetuated in every bishop's mitre of the present day, which is intended to represent, metaphorically as it does actually, its shape, a "cloven tongue."

BY THE SEA.

Fold upon fold, in purple and gold,
The beautiful Lamia-Summer unrolled;
Her Tyrian dyes, 'neath the sultry skies,
Flash like the colors of Paradise.
But the roses shine with a deathly sign
Set on her glory of brows divine;
And the fever-drouth of her passionate mouth
Blends with the odor and bloom of the South.

Where the comb and slide of the crawling tide
Curls on the hot beach, far and wide,
O'er the shifting sand of a shallow strand
A boat comes rocking unto the land;
A gallant few of the tried and true,
They row their dead o'er the wrinkling blue—
Wild-eyed, war-worn, by the battle torn,
They ground in the hush of the breathless morn.

'Neath the yellow sand of the moaning strand
They lay their dead in an alien land;
For the shrouded wraith of a hidden death
Smote them down with its bitter breath.
(And the fiery rod of the curse abroad
Fell on our homes like the hand of God;
And brother and son, and the love just won,
With battle and triumph and wounds were done.)

They sleep where they fell; with a hoarse sea-knell
The sorrowful billows sink and swell.

In calm or storm, each martial form
The wild sea clasps in her jeweled arm—
O'er the frothing snow of the surf below
The shadows of sea-birds come and go,
Where, caught in the coils of her glittering coils,
The Sea holds fast to her wave-worn spoils!

Reconciled.

DEAD, gustless, tideless as the Mediterranean, Laura Emerson's life had been for three years. She was twenty-three years old, an age at which girls long for action. Putting by the thoughts of marriage as something which fettered her energies, she was yet void of an object in her desired career. She did not want wealth or fame—without quite realizing it, she wanted happiness.

Closing her school, one night, she walked over the long muddy road to the house of Deacon Storrs, and left the school-house key there. Henceforth she was free. The next night found her in New York.

She had but thirty dollars in money, and the first thing to be found was to find work. Fortunately, she knew by experience that, whatever her ambition might be, her board must be paid; but the girl was as innocent as an angel and unconscious of the perils surrounding her, or she would never have done as she did.

Folding and stitching books in a bindery, she got through her work just as the stores were lighted, and her boarding-house was nearly half a mile up Broadway. She knew of nothing to fear, and often lingered at the windows of the picture-stores, looking with wonder at the Tyrolean landscapes and French coast-scenes. Unfamiliar but beautiful, these pictures haunted her continually.

She stopped one night, though it was raining, drawn by a splendid Lago Maggiore. The great drops pattered around her, but she did not mind. They ceased beating upon her suddenly. Just then she saw another picture—the face of a young girl, with vivid lips and earnest eyes, and hair in tresses of damp gold, under a claret hood; and over the graceful shoulder another face looked, dark, clear-cut, handsome; the coal-black eyes steadfast and observant. Laura could not quite make out the picture. She did not see its meaning, yet it had a fascination that bewildered her. She fancied that the girl's face seemed to change, to grow clouded, and then she was sure the man's lips smiled. A feeling of actual terror took possession of her, the sight was so uncanny; there was something wicked in the handsome smile, and she thought the picture bewitched. She turned to go away, and came face to face with the counterpart of that quizzical, fascinating smile. The gentleman laughed outright.

"Don't you see?" he said. "You have been looking in a mirror."

She did see, and blushed.

"I thought it was Marguerite and Mephistopheles," said she, innocently.

"Did you, indeed?" said Melville, slowly. "I'm flattered, I am sure."

"I can't help it," answered Laura, gravely. "It is raining very hard," said Melville, changing the subject. "Have you far to go in this storm?"

"No, not much further," answered Laura, observing, for the first time, the umbrella held above her. "Tis not more than a quarter of a mile."

Melville gave her a look of wonder. "It is far enough to drench you to the skin," he said, sharply. "Do you want to die?"

"No, of course not."

"Then take my umbrella."

"What will you do?"

"Carry it for you," with a sudden impulse.

"What have you on your feet?"

"Shoes."

"What are they made of—paper?"

"No, sir; leather."

"That's well."

They walked along in silence for a space, Laura observant of the thousand aspects of Broadway, to which she was as yet a novice, and still haunted by the pictures she had just seen, when suddenly she observed that her companion was looking down steadily upon her tranquil face. She did not know how fair and sweet it looked in the half light.

"I'm very much obliged to you for this," said she, glancing up; "but it isn't necessary, because I'm used to it."

"How long have you indulged your taste for walking in rain-storms, may I ask?" was the reply.

"I've taught school for three years in the country, and worked here for six weeks, and I never mind the rain."

"You became tired teaching school, I presume?"

"Oh, yes. And I wanted to be where I could learn something of the world. Farmlands was very dull."

"Have you a home there?"

"No, sir."

"Nor anywhere?"

"Nor anywhere."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Why, I take care of myself."

"You do it very poorly, child."

Then there was another silence. They turned the corner at last, and came to the steps of Laura's boarding-house.

"Thank you very much," said she.

She could not ask him in; there was no place to ask him to, and he seemed so kind that she was sorry to appear rude. So she told him how it was. He laughed; her simplicity amused him.

"Tell me where you work?" said he.

And she told him; then he went away. He had no idea of losing sight of her. He sent her a note the next day:

"LAURA—I am interested in you, and wish very much to be your friend. I have the means to make our meeting a very fortunate one for you, if you will let me. Please send a word of reply to

"MELVILLE, City P. O."

Out of her guilelessness she wrote as follows:

"MR. MELVILLE—DEAR SIR—You are very kind. I haven't any friends here, and very few anywhere, but I have learned better than to be dependent on any one, and came to New York to find out what I could do; I have not yet found that I have any talent, and perhaps never shall, but, so far, I enjoy the change from country to city life, and am quite happy. I must thank you again for your kindness to me the other night."

"Very truly yours,

"LAURA EMERSON."

After this, Laura went on her way, living and learning many things in three more weeks, and, too fresh, and hopeful, and full of energy to take any fear for herself, she was never lonely or dismayed by her position. She read books, tried to write stories, and failed. She made verses, sent them to a newspaper office, and never heard of them. Then, happening to go to the theatre with a party of girls, one holiday afternoon, she became stage-struck, and wrote a note to the manager, which never elicited a reply. Finally she struck the right vein. She had a talent for drawing.

One evening Melville received a note.

"That little girl," he said, in surprise, tossing away the remnant of a cigar.

The note read as follows:

"DEAR MR. MELVILLE—You offered to be my friend, and so I take the liberty of applying to you, now that I need one. I think if I could learn to draw that I might make my living by it, and it will be very much pleasanter than anything I have ever done. Still, I don't like to apply to the shops for employment, until I have the advice of some one who knows better about these things than I do. I enclose a few cards—will you tell me what you think of them? Very truly yours,

"LAURA EMERSON."

Melville held the little white cards under the gas, and saw that a very few lessons would make this girl an adept in the tiny vignette pictures which later became so popular. It was a new idea then, and Laura's subjects were fresh; one, "Daisies," and a flower-crowned child with a face like morn; another, Browning's little peasant, "Pippa;" a third, a church window of Lowell's "Legend of Brittany," from within, where

"Shone the sun saint,
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist."

The first was simply, exquisitely pretty; the second, true to the poem, with its simple, joyous, brown-eyed face; the third, surpassingly beautiful in effect. Melville touched the little pictures almost tenderly.

"The true, beautiful child," he said. "I must save her from the bullying of art-dealers now."

SUMMER had passed. Laura Emerson laid down her brushes, one evening, with a sigh. She was tired. As her eyes fell upon her reflection in a mirror opposite, she saw that her face was paler and thinner than it had been a year before, when she had been deceived into believing herself a beautiful picture in a store window. The room in which she sat, a sort of studio, was pleasant, and graceful in appointment. Melville had placed her there, provided her with a teacher, and found a sale for all her pictures. She had produced much beauty during the past six months, portrayed exquisite ideals, pictured the lovely thoughts of others in current prose and poems, and worked out rare fancies of her own; but of late her work had palled on her hands. She was lonely and tired. It did not satisfy her to pet Gem, her little dog; she wanted the human love and interest which she had all her life been denied. She wanted, like other girls, to belong to some one. The world seemed to surround her like a great chasm, of late. She tried very hard, yet could not quite succeed in making herself happy by contrasting her circumstances with those of others worse off. She was so wild as to envy the little beggar-girl who rested by the area railings of the opposite house with the chubby arms of her crowing little sister clinging to her neck, and so foolish as to burst into bitter weeping, when very tired, at sight of the merry daughters of Dr. Courtney, across the way, kissing their hands to their father as he rode away from the door.

Melville she had not seen since eleven months previous, when he had engaged this room for her, and told her where to send her pictures. Professor Burkhardt gave her lessons for half a year; then her days were spent much in solitude. With all her idealism she was very human, and her isolation from other human beings became, at last, almost insupportable. Then a kind of impatience with the world at large, caused by the superficial acquaintances she chanced to make, inspired her with a wearisome disdain of everybody she knew. She was tired, morbid, and sick for shelter from her own sick heart, when Melville returned.

A fortnight's work lay on the table before her. He came forward and examined it, never speaking, though she rose in delight, blushing to the temples.

The first was an autumn evening on the waters:

"The bark, at anchor, cast their lengthened shades
On the gray bastioned walls;
Airs from the deep, touching the cordage as they passed,
Scarcely stirred the quiescent pennon.
Beneath the rocks that reared their dark brows,
Beetling o'er the bay,
The gulls and guillemots, with short, quaint cry,
Just broke the sleeping stillness of the air."

The scene was the very language of repose.

The next was Pauline's imagined home:

"A deep vale,
Shut out, by Alpine hills, from the rude world.
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glowing softest skies,
All cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows."

Another was a hill-side grave run over with white glories; a fourth the home-sick face of a sailor lad; a fifth an original ideal Christ, which Melville laid down quickly. The rest were copies of Alpine roses and the faces of children. He lifted again the scene from the "Lady of Lyons." "And is this your idea of happiness, Laura? 'glossy bowers' and 'murmurous fountains.' Do you like the picture so much?" taking her hand by way of salutation.

"I should think Pauline might have liked it," answered the girl, smiling under his eyes. "Have you just come to the city, Mr. Melville?"

"Yes."

"You have been West?"

"West and South," with a look of weariness.

"Laura, do you know that you are a genius?"

"No, sir."

"Look at this boy's face. How could you make him look so as if his heart were crying within him? Were you ever home-sick?"

"Me? I never had any home to be sick for."

He lifted her face, and held it in his hand, to the light. She tried to smile; the eyes were brave, but the lips quivered. A look of tenderest pity swept over Melville's face.

"Poor little girlie!" he said. "Come and see what I have brought you?"

She could have kissed his hand in gratitude, not for the beautiful Claude he uncovered, but for that look of his face, which drew her to him in utter forgetfulness of herself. He seemed to her so great and good—the lonely, enthusiastic child! She knew no ill of him; he seemed the personification of all the virtues to her. And there was no one in the world to caution her; what wonder that she loved?

The fall rains had come, but Laura found no dreariness in the season; she had something to live for. Little as she knew of Melville, she could not doubt that he was happy with her. His face wore lines of care which the smile of his eyes softened when they rested upon her, and the belief that she was near and dear to him made him beloved with all the strength of her heart. The current of her life set strong at this point, and the waves leaped and sparkled in the sunshine. Though she could hardly work, for the tumult of her happiness, she improvised perfect songs of pictures, which Melville smiled over proudly.

He was happy with her, but it was in her, not in himself. She awoke in him the tenderest admiration.

She was ill one day—a violent cold succeeded by a restless fever. It was useless to think of work, and the wistful, flushed face turned eagerly to the door, from the cushions of a couch, when Melville entered.

"Child, you are sick!" he exclaimed.

"A little."

He came and sat by her and smoothed back her hair with his soft cool hand. A sense of ease and rest swiftly came over her, and when the pain was gone, she turned toward him and lifted the languid lids of her grateful eyes. He bent and kissed her cheek.

"You are better?"

"Yes. What should I do without you?"

"Better without me than with me, little one."

He held his cheek upon her hair; she could not see his face.

"Why?" she asked.

In utter trust she added:

"You don't know how I love you."

He did not raise his head. The fine feelings of his heart, which had won her, were at work, and it was a struggle between good and evil. As usual he failed to do right.

"Are you willing to be my wife, Laura?"

"If it would make you happy."

She never thought of danger, and yet she knew absolutely nothing of this man except that he had been kind to her, and won her heart.

"It would make me very happy, and it might—"

"What?"

He was silent. His eyes were fixed absently on the fire. She touched his face with her hand.

"You love me, don't you?" she asked, still without fear.

"Yes," he answered. "Laura, can you be happy with me alone, and not care for anybody in the world but me?"

She smiled assent. He folded her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Just then the door-bell rang violently. Melville started to his feet, took his hat, and hastily left the room.

Laura waited in vain for his return. At first she thought he had gone to meet some one at the door; but he did not come back, and, lost in wonder, she finally retired.

It was late when she awoke the next morning. Her head was yet sore from yesterday's pain, and the sunshine hurt her eyes, but she started up

and listened with the instinctive thought that some one had been there. The house was full of lodgers, whom she could hear going out, one by one, to their daily avocations. From the couch where she lay she saw the room undisturbed, the easel standing in the sunshine, the Claude glowing upon the wall, a glove, which Melville had dropped, lying upon the floor.

"I guess I have been dreaming," she murmured; but as she spoke she saw a note lying upon the coverlet, close by her hand. The sight almost appalled her, until she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to lock the door the evening previous.

"It may be an order from the stores brought in by Mrs. Redding, who knew I was ill, and so did not wake me," she thought, tearing open the envelope.

Then her cheek grew pale. She read as follows:

"My LITTLE LAURA—I have seen you for the last time; I cannot stay any longer in this part of the country. Perhaps you will learn in time who I am; I had rather not tell you. I cannot help hoping that you will miss me a little, for if it were so I should believe that there was yet a chance for me to get to heaven. Poor, sweet little child! I wish I were a good man, for your sake. Good-by! If there are angels in heaven, you will be taken care of."

MELVILLE.

She tried not to believe it—to think that there was a mistake somewhere; but when the slow, cloudy days and long weeks went by, and he did not come, she knew it was true.

It was a bitter, cruel blow. She nearly wept her life away. Why need it have been? When her life had been so hard, so loveless, why need she have known this terrible shock—the horrible disappointment? She was no careless girl of shallow experiences to need such discipline. Why, the world had been dark to her since she was a mere baby! She had dared to be happy for the first time in her life for the last two months. Now the contrast was so great that the future terrified her. Oh, why need she go forward, staggering and struggling through more dark years, when death would be so welcome then?

But when she read of the death of Melville, the gambler and forger, shot by his own hand to escape capture, the thought that she had escaped unknown dangers did come to her. Yet "He loved me and nobody else ever did," she murmured, in shortsighted weakness. His tenderness had been so very sweet to her.

The winter was very dark, but change of some kind is inevitable; and when spring stirred the earth, and a party of artists found Laura out, and took her to the Adirondacks with them, she journeyed with a faint sense of pleasure and expectation, and the strength which she had wept away she found again among the mountains.

Rothenburg, the portrait-painter, was with them—all the world knows him—and he was very kind to the pale, quiet girl, with her sad eyes and gold hair. A good man and a strong one, she never dreamed though of loving him, until she found herself safe from care in his life-long embrace. But first came fame, and the artist Rothenburgs are as famous as the Browning poets. It was a rare and perfect marriage. Laura realized it, and to the memory of Melville she adds the thought, that if he had not helped her into the ways of art, she might never have met her husband. Thus she reconciles that tragedy of her life.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE "HAS BEEN TOLD" THAT CAUDLE HAS "TAKEN TO PLAY" AT BILLIARDS.

YOU'RE VERY late to-night, dear. *It's not late?* Well, then, it isn't, that's all. Of course a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday, too; a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—now, you needn't twist about in that manner; I'm not going to say anything—no; for I see it's now no use. Once, I own, it used to fret me when you staid out; but that's all over; you're now brought me to that state, Caudle—and it's your own fault, entirely—that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought I could be brought to think so little of you; but you've done it; you've been treading on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over; I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with—I don't, Caudle, as true as I'm in this bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife, and not lie there like a log—all I want is this. Just tell me where you were on Tuesday? You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for anybody belonging to me. And you were not at your club—no, I know that. And you were not any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! I only wish I didn't know. No; you were not at any of these places; but I know well enough where you were. *Then why do I ask if I know?* That's it; just to prove what a hypocrite you are—just to show you that you can't deceive me."

"So, Mr. Caudle—you've turned billiard-player, sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough; you might as well play a thousand times; for you're a lost man, Caudle. Only once, indeed. I wonder, if I was to say 'Only once,' what would you say to me? But of course a man can do no wrong in anything."

"And you're a lord of the creation, Mr. Caudle; and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your own wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought anything of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table-cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, Caudle!"

"And you can go and do nothing but make

'cannons'—for that's the gibberish they talk at billiards—when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard-room—you, a respectable tradesman, or as you set yourself up for one, for if the world knew all, there's very little respectability in you—you can go and play billiards with a set of creatures in mustaches, when you might take a nice, quiet hand with me at home. But not anything but cribbage with your own wife!"

"Caudle, it's all over now; you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard-room that he wasn't lost for ever. There was my uncle Wardle; a better man never broke the bread of life; he took to billiards, and he didn't live with aunt a month afterward. *A lucky fellow?* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife—a 'lucky fellow'? But to be sure, what can I expect? We shall not be together long now; it's been some time coming, but at last we must separate; and the wife I've been to you!"

"But I know who it is, it's that fiend Prettyman. I will call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman; you'd no more have thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now, it's no use, Caudle, your telling me that you have only been once, and that you can't hit a ball anyhow—you'll soon get over all that; and then you'll never be at home. You'll be a marked man, Caudle; yes, marked; there'll be something about you that'll be dreadful; for if I couldn't tell a billiard-player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. They all of 'em look as yellow as parchment, and wear mustaches—I suppose you'll let yours grow now; though they'll be a good deal troubled to come, I know that. Yes, they're all a yellow and sly look, just for all as if they were first cousins to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, Caudle; in six months, the dear children won't know their own father."

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The companions you'll find! The captains that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you! I tell you, Caudle, a billiard-room's a place where ruin of all sorts is made easy, I may say, to the lowest understanding—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—don't tell me not to be eloquent; I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it isn't often, goodness knows—that I'm not insulted."

"No, I won't be quiet on this matter; I won't, Caudle; on any other I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter, I will speak. I know you can't play at billiards, and never could learn—I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And nicely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose—and they'll eat you up, Caudle; I know they will."

"Billiard-balls, indeed! Well, in my time, I've been over Woolwich Arsenal—you were something like a man then, for it was just before we were married—and then I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of 'em, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before; but I choose to say it again—and there's not one of 'em, iron as they are, that could do half the mischief of a billiard-ball. That's a ball, Caudle, that's gone through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball that night and day you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play. When once a man's given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple."

"I shall never think of being happy any more. No; that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will, better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green, indeed! It's red, crimson red, Caudle, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall; as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard-player, and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes Caudle, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

The Universal Exposition of 1867 at Paris and the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.

ANOTHER triumph of American industry, at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, has been obtained by the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, to be added to their former successes. This result is the more gratifying because these organs were there submitted to the International Jury and the Paris organists and critics entirely on their merits. They were untroubled by testimonial circulars or European fame, and had to contend with the prejudice of almost all European organists against instruments of a similar class, on account of the redness and otherwise disagreeable qualities of their tone. In fact, this harsh, metallic and unpleasant tone had been considered so inseparable from the use of reeds or vibrators, that the efforts of European manufacturers had not for some years been given to the amelioration of the tone, but rather to the addition of certain mechanical effects, such as the Expression, Double Expression, Percussion, Eolian Harp, and similar additions. By these they have endeavored to compensate for the hard, unsatisfactory tone, and have produced instruments which in the hands of skillful artists have been capable of many surprising effects, always, however calling attention to the ability and dexterity of the performer rather than to the excellence of the instrument.

The improvements offered in the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs lay in quite a different direction. Re-

cognizing that the most essential characteristic of a musical instrument is a good quality of tone, with such variety as never to be monotonous or tiresome, the efforts of the manufacturers were directed to the attainment of a rich, pure and mellow tone, more closely imitating the tone of pipes in freeness from a metallic quality, and even excelling them in richness, life and color. Successful beyond dispute and against expectation, attention was given to removing the difficulties of performance; and, principally by the use of their automatic swell, facility was given to even the indifferent performer to vary the expression of the instrument at pleasure. They had thus produced an instrument, pleasing by its tone alone, and requiring so little skill of performance to become satisfactory, that it was eminently an American institution, adapted to the wants of the people of all classes—an indispensable auxiliary in the church, lecture-room, Sunday and day school, and an invaluable companion in the home circle.

Differing so entirely from the harmoniums known to the Paris critics, perfected, also, in so different a direction, it is not to be wondered that some time was necessary to their thorough appreciation at the Exposition. While the beauty of the outward finish, the excellence of the mechanism, and the superior quality of tone were at once recognized by the jury, as well as manufacturers and organists, longer trial and experience was necessary to make manifest their variety and adaptability to the performance of the various kinds of music.

But their progress into public favor, if not so rapid, was constant and sure, and eventually the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs received the unqualified approbation even of those leading organists who had never been willing to lend more than a partial support to the ordinary harmoniums. "It is a perfect church-organ in miniature," was the expression frequently heard from the artists, French, English and German, who always lingered, well pleased, in the cozy corner so well depicted by our artist in another column.

Nor were the harmonium players, *par excellence*, less ready to testify to their superiority and to the value of the improvements and patents of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin. They remarked more especially the promptness of response in answer to the touch, the ease of the mechanism, and the facility of the manuals. One of the most distinguished of this latter class, Lefebvre-Wély, renowned as a composer and harmonium-player, and as the organist of the large organ of the church of St. Sulpice, was so delighted with the general effect, and so convinced of their adaptability to solo-playing, as well as to the general public, that he composed several pieces especially for these instruments.

The Paris press, and especially the musical weeklies, which had been so delighted and surprised at the American pianos, were not less ready to recognize the superiority of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. *La France Musicale*, edited by Marie Escudier; *L'Art Musical*, by Leon Escudier; *La Presse Musicale*, by A. Giacomelli; *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, of Brandeis & Dufour; and *Le Ménestrel* of the Hengels, each contained lengthy descriptive articles, with warm commendations of their great excellence. Such well-known critics as Gaspard, Oscar Commettant, Duplessis, Henri de Pène and the Marquis de Pontecourt recognized their superiority in the daily journals to which they severally contributed.

This first European exhibition of the Cabinet Organ has added a European reputation to that already achieved at home, and another First Premium to the fifty-six awarded Messrs. Mason & Hamlin at the Industrial Exhibitions of all the States of the United States. This is the well-merited reward of an industry which has always aimed in all its productions, not at cheapness, not at making something which could be sold at a good profit, but at that which should be excellent in every respect—so thoroughly and conscientiously made as to defy competition. The pride of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin has never been to produce an instrument for the smallest sum of money, but one that was as good as skill and science and perseverance could make it. Their motto has always been—"The best are the cheapest."

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN was born at the city of Albany, State of New York, in February, 1831. His parents are natives of Ireland, County Kerry. Their oldest child, Patrick, was also born in Ireland.

About the year 1829, John Sheridan and wife, with their first-born, bid farewell to their native land and came to America, their adopted and chosen home. They first located at Albany, N. Y., where, as before stated, Phil. Sheridan was born. They resided here about five years. While Phil. was very young, his parents removed to Somerset, Perry County, Ohio. The parents were in quite limited circumstances, and Phil.'s early experience was that of other boys similarly situated. When the turnpike was being built through Somerset, Phil.'s father used to own and drive a cart. Men of Phil.'s age tell us that they have often seen him hanging on his father's cart, and once in a while, when he would get to drive, would be highly delighted. Phil. must have been regarded as a very honest boy, for while very young in years, he was taken by John Talbot, a hardware merchant, to serve in his store. He served Mr. Talbot satisfactorily about two years. After leaving Mr. Talbot, the subject of our sketch went to stand in the store of D. Whitehead, a dry goods merchant of Somerset. Here we believe he remained until he was appointed a cadet at West Point.

General Thomas Ritchey, a farmer living five miles east of Somerset, had been elected to Congress for the district composed of Perry, Morgan and Washington. Mr. Ritchey was a good judge of character. He was acquainted with young Sheridan, took a fancy to him and proposed to send him to West Point. Young Sheridan was willing, and his parents agreed to it. The lawyer who drew up the papers in the case was not very sanguine that he would be accepted, on account of his size. He was very small for his age. But he was duly accepted, and took his place as an humble student at this great military school. In due course of time he graduated, received an appointment and was placed on duty west of the Rocky Mountains. Here, in some encounter with the Indians, he won and received his first promotion. There was not much opportunity to achieve military distinction there; but at length the war came on, and his subsequent military career is well-known.

His chief distinction was gained in the Shenandoah Valley, to which command he was raised by General Grant, when the command of the armies was entrusted to him, and who by his selection of Sheridan for this position, proved his capacity for recognizing the ability of those under him, which is one of the most important and one of the rarest qualities in a great general. Here Sheridan by his vigor and dash maintained in his department the career of victory which, under Grant's direction, had been made the rule for the Union arms. At the closing scenes of the war, his promptness and decision contributed also in no small degree to the final surrender. Public attention has recently been

drawn to Sheridan's career by the vigor and activity he has displayed in his administration as commander in New Orleans. Here his clear common sense has seen the causes which retarded the progress of reconstruction, and his decision has promptly removed them. Such an honest and manly course, having made him obnoxious to the executive, he was removed, and transferred to the West, on the 19th day of August, 1867, with orders to report to Washington before proceeding to his new station.

Boating on the Lake at Central Park.

Nor the least of the attractions of the Central Park lies in the lake and the pleasure of its boating. The swans and other aquatic birds which are domesticated upon its surface in such numbers afford also a constant source of entertainment. It is not generally known that the care and attention given to the animals kept in the Park attracts every year numbers of wild fowls, who stop in their annual migrations for a few days, to enjoy its security and hospitality. All attempts however to make these visitors feel sufficiently at ease to make the Park their permanent home have heretofore proved unavailing. They stop for a short time, but are too jealous of their liberty to surrender it for even the care and attention to their wants with which all the animals in the Park are treated.

Stripping, Cutting, Loading and Hauling the Sugar Cane to the Mill.

Our illustration represents the process of gathering the sugar cane preparatory to grinding it in the mill. The sketch was made upon the plantation of a Judge McIntire, near New Orleans, and gives a thorough idea of how the work is carried on. The cane is first stripped of its lower leaves, the top is cut off with a long knife, and then with a hoe the entire stalk is cut off close to the ground. As fast as the cane is cut it is gathered into bundles, which are hauled in carts to the mill. During the gathering and crushing season, all the hands are allowed to gratify their appetites to their fill, and they all become fat and hearty with the amounts they eat.

Wood's New Jointed Bar Mower.

AMONG the seventeen successful American exhibitors at Paris who receive grand gold medals is the "Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Company" of Housick Falls, N. Y., whose "stand" in the American Annex we gave an illustration of in our last number.

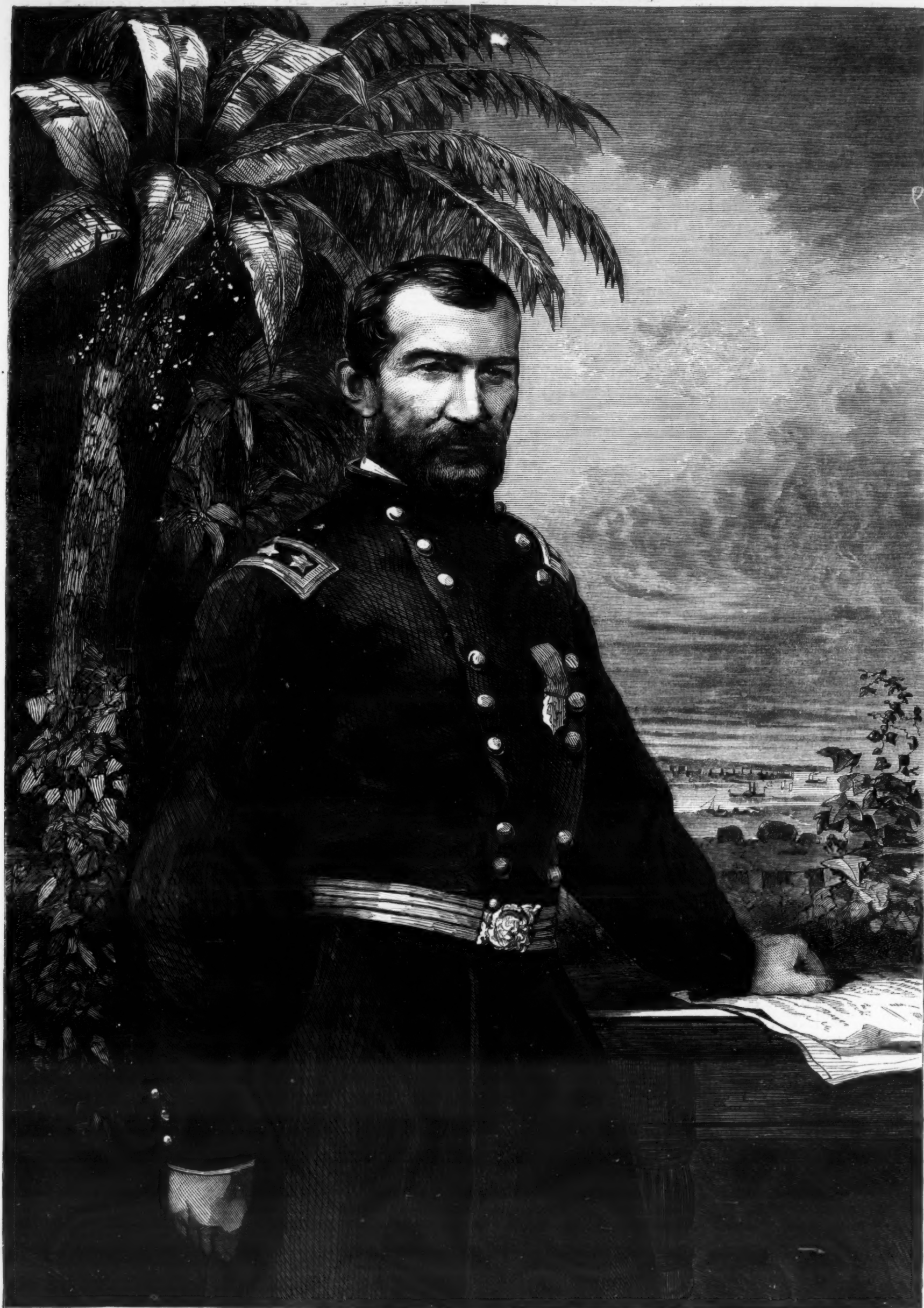
It was found necessary by America and England—owing to the great number of agricultural implements and other machines received for exhibition—to erect these Annexes, or long sheds, which are located near the main building, and connected therewith by a covered way. On entering the one devoted to American products the visitor is first attracted by the click of numerous sewing machines—of all patents and styles—that are handsomely, we might say elegantly, arranged in the southern end of the building. Passing the magnificent locomotive exhibited by Mr. Grant of Paterson, N. J., we come to the agricultural implements, and the stand, or rather the machines, of which we propose, owing to the great success they have achieved, to speak to-day, knowing that their success—which, to a certain extent, at least, is a national one—will interest our readers.

The trial of mowers—at which we were present—called out a large number of people, principally farmers, from nearly every country, and had it not been for the rain, the Emperor's farm, Fontaineau, where the cutting was done, would have been quite attractive, overlooking, as it does, a very extensive sweep of country, embracing the city of Paris itself, with its environs, fortifications, many neighboring villages, and the beautiful valley and river of the Seine.

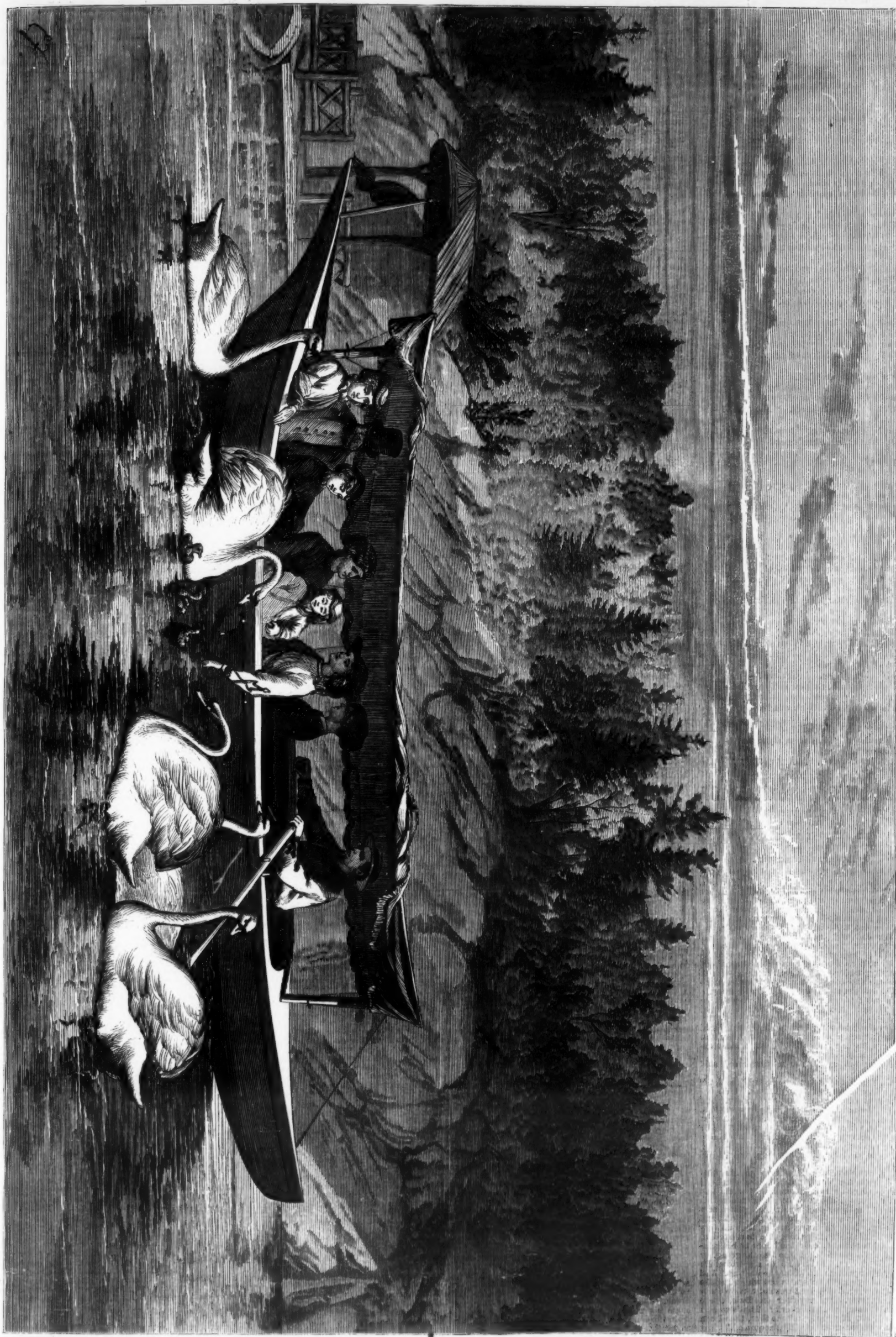
Nationality entered to a considerable extent into the trial, and when the word "Go" was given, the first five of the seven ten machines entered started, as much excitement was shown as existed on the other side of the channel when, at the very same time, the great English Derby was being run. Much was expected from America, being as she was represented by most of her best known machines—among the number the "Wood," Hubbard, Clipper, three Buckeyes, McCormicks and Perrys. Of the first five started, four soon gave up, unable to make headway in the thick, tangled lucerne, a species of clover (with heavy undergrowth of fine grass, which lay as flat as a roller) had been run over for weeks, and thus, to add to the discomfort, numerous machines interspersed the field. The machine that kept on its way was the "Wood," and it was evident, if no unforeseen accident occurred, that it would get through easily, and bring America out ahead, for by this time all the other machines had been sent off, and most of them already laid up. A few, however, kept on, falling off from time to time, until but three remained, soon reduced to two, the "Wood" mower having accomplished its work, an acre and seven-tenths in one hour and thirty-six minutes. The other two kept on, contending for the second place. Neither completely cut its field, although one nearly accomplished it in two hours and ten minutes. So ended this most severe trial, America "beating" the world in mowers, as she afterward did on sewing-machines.

The last trial took place on the 26th July, on the Emperor's Farm, and the final award was made as follows: First Prize—Walter A. Wood, gold medal. Second Prize—J. G. Perry, silver medal. Third Prize—C. H. McCormick, bronze medal. Honorable mention—Samuelson, an English maker. Thus it will be seen that Walter A. Wood's machine carries off two gold medals, being the highest prizes.

PARCHMENT AND VELLUM.—In the good old times the material for receiving the sensitive characters was parchment—the fine calf skin which procurable—that of the sheep and lamb, when the other ran short. From the close of the 13th century the market-place of this article in Paris was the great hall lent by the Religions of the Mathurins to the University of Paris. The sale of the parchment took place at stated times. The merchants, having assembled, gave notice of their arrival to the rector of the University, who at once sent a person to count the boxes, and four sworn judges of the article to pronounce on the quantity and quality. All being ready, the heads of colleges, professors, and some favored individuals high in the world of literature, assembled, and for one entire day they had the pick and choice of the wares. Next day the parchment-sellers of the city and the public generally were admitted to the *foire des parchemens*. The consumption of the article was considerable. We find the Duke of Orleans keeping four copyists continually employed, and purchasing on one occasion from the bookseller Etienne l'Angevin five boxes of parchment at three francs per box, and paying eleven livres per box for cleaning and preparing the contents. Guillebert de Metz asserts that there were about the year 1300 upward of 60,000 writers in Paris. The number is probably exaggerated, but we may from the statement get some idea of the activity exerted for the multiplication of the works in request at the time. Frauds in the parchment trade occurred, but the University, the protector of the literary laborers, had arranged and put in force twelve stringent rules to be observed by the dealers, if they wished to escape punishment. Copies of these were accessible to the manufacturers and dealers, and plainly engrossed in the Gallic or Roman tongue for the purpose of being the more easily consulted.



FRANK LESLIE'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY—MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 391.



BOATING ON THE LAKE AT CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 391.

ROUND AND ROUND.

This month's hardly open enough;
"Donnell!"—I hear them call,
Give me the red-colored stuff:
Throw it me, paper and all!

Hip—hip—hurrah, for the clown!
Others are not like me;
Well, the truth is, I'm known in the town,
There's a kind of feeling for "Wee."

"Wee"—as I'm always called—
"Wee Donnell," as funny a man
As ever wore fleshing or bawled
In a ring; say I'm not if you can.

Gently—a moment; this paint
Has a strange trick of running just here,
Leaving a sickly taint
On the features beneath, I fear—

Leaving a deep dark rim
Under the merry clown's guise;
These cheeks are full pale for a humorous tale—
Why, the red has all flown to my eyes!

Laugh! I will make you laugh
Till your eyes are aching to-night—
Taking our strange world off,
Showing it up in this light.

Somersaults?—*houp la!*—well,
What is a ring-clown for?
So a "turn," till the "Indian's" bell
Rings in our sanctum of straw.

Not a bad joke, that last,
Of a woman (a pretty one, too),
Running away, at the setting of day,
With a child and a lover. "Not true?"—

True! What a question to ask!
Quick with the Indian's gun!
Here is a silly fool's task,
To grin at my own old fun—

To grin and to grin, till my eyes
Shine with the jocular tears—
(I was thinking, you know, of a time long ago
When I dined that joke on your ears).

Whose is that sweet face there?
Quick with your Indian howls!
Ring the bell!—don't stare!—open out!—give
me air!—
A dram for the "King of the Fools!"

Ah, let the laughter remain!
Linger, old jokes, to-night!
Strange, by-the-by, if a clown should die—
Houp la!—Give me that light!

Hold the lamp close. Look there!—
You'll remember that face all your life—
In the third dress row—look!—I told you so:
Who'd be a poor clown's wife?

Is it for "Wee" they call?—
She is clapping her hands, d'you see?—
I died, and forgave her all—
Tell her—at last . . . Ah, Wee!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LIII.—CONTINUED.

THE conversation had strayed away from John Eames, and Lily was disappointed. It was a pleasure to her when people talked of him in her hearing, and as a question or two had been asked about him, making him the hero of the moment, it seemed to her that he was being robbed of his due when the little amenities between Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith and Sir Raffle banished his name from the circle. Nothing more, however, was said of him at dinner, and I fear that he would have been altogether forgot in the evening, had not Lily herself referred—not to him, which she could not possibly have been induced to do—but to the subject of his journey.

"I wonder whether poor Mr. Crawley will be found guilty?" she said to Sir Raffle up in the drawing-room.

"I am afraid he will; I am afraid he will," said Sir Raffle; "and I fear, my dear Miss Dale, that I must go further than that. I fear I must express an opinion that he is guilty."

"Nothing will ever make me think so," said Lily.

"Ladies are always tender-hearted," said Sir Raffle, "and especially young ladies. I do not wonder that such should be your opinion. But you see, Miss Dale, a map of business has to look at these things in a business light. What I want to know is, where did he get the check? He is bound to be explicit in answering that before anybody can acquit him."

"That is what Mr. Eames has gone abroad to learn."

"It is very well for Eames to go abroad—though, upon my word, I don't know whether I should have given him different advice if I had known how much I was to be tormented by his absence. The thing couldn't have happened at a more fortunate time—the Ministry going out, and everything. But, as I was saying, it is all very well for him to do what he can. He is related to them, and is bound to save the honor of his relations if it be possible. I like him for going. I always liked him. As I said to my friend De Guest, 'That young man will make his way.' And I rather fancy that the chance word which I spoke to him of was not thrown away in Eames's favor. But, my dear Miss Dale, where did Mr. Crawley get that check? That's what I want to know. If you can tell me that, then I can tell you whether or no he will be acquitted."

Lily did not feel a strong prepossession in favor of Sir Raffle, in spite of his praise of John Eames. The harsh voice of the man annoyed her, and his egotism offended her. When, much later in the evening, his character came on for discussion be-

tween herself and Mrs. Thorne and Emily Dunstable, she had not a word to say in his favor. But still she had been pleased to meet him, because he was the man with whom Johnny's life was most specially concerned. I think that a portion of her dislike to him arose from the fact that in continuing the conversation he did not revert to his private secretary, but preferred to regale her with stories of his own doings in wonderful cases which had partaken of interest similar to that which now attached itself to Mr. Crawley's case. He had known a man who had stolen a hundred pounds, and had never been found out; and another man who had been arrested for stealing two-and-sixpence which was found afterward sticking to a bit of butter at the bottom of a plate. Mrs. Thorne had heard all this, and had answered him:

"Dear me, Sir Raffle," she had said, "what a great many thieves you have had among your acquaintances!"

This had rather disconcerted him, and then there had been no more talking about Mr. Crawley.

It had been arranged on this morning that Mr. Dale should return to Allington and leave Lily with Mrs. Thorne. Some special need of his presence at home, real or assumed, had arisen, and he had declared that he must shorten his stay in London by about half the intended period. The need would not have been so pressing, probably, had he not felt that Lily would be more comfortable with Mrs. Thorne than in his lodgings in Sackville street. Lily had at first declared that she would return with him, but everybody had protested against this. Emily Dunstable had, protested against it very stoutly; Mrs. Dale herself had protested against it by letter; and Mrs. Thorne's protest had been quite imperious in its nature.

"Indeed, my dear, you'll do nothing of the kind. I'm sure your mother wouldn't wish it. I look upon it as quite essential that you and Emily should learn to know each other."

"But we do know each other; don't we, Emily?" said Lily.

"Not quite well yet," said Emily.

Then Lily had laughed, and so the matter was settled. And now on this present occasion, Mr. Dale was at Mr. Thorne's house for the last time. His conscience had been perplexed about Lily's horse, and if anything was to be said it must be said now. The subject was very disagreeable to him, and he was angry with Bernard because Bernard had declined to manage it for him after his own fashion. But he had told himself so often that anything was better than a pecuniary obligation, that he was determined to speak his mind to Mrs. Thorne, and to beg her to allow him to have his way. So he waited till the Harold Smiths were gone, and Sir Raffle Buffle, and then, when Lily was apart with Emily—for Bernard Dale had left them—he found himself at last alone with Mrs. Thorne.

"I can't be too much obliged to you," he said, "for your kindness to my girl."

"Oh, laws, that's nothing," said Mrs. Thorne. "We look on her as one of us now."

"I'm sure she is grateful; very grateful; and so am I. She and Bernard have been brought up so much together that it is very desirable that she should not be unknown to Bernard's wife."

"Exactly—that's just what I mean. Blood's thicker than water; isn't it? Emily's child, if she has one, will be Lily's cousin."

"Her first-cousin once removed," said the squire, who was accurate in these matters. Then he drew himself up in his seat and compressed his lips together, and prepared himself for his task. It was very disagreeable. Nothing, he thought, could be more disagreeable. "I have a little thing to speak about," he said at last, "which I hope will not offend you."

"About Lily?"

"Yes; about Lily."

"I'm not very easily offended, and I don't know how I could possibly be offended about her."

"I'm an old-fashioned man, Mrs. Thorne, and don't know much about the ways of the world. I have always been down in the country, and maybe I have prejudices. You won't refuse to humor one of them, I hope?"

"You're beginning to frighten me, Mr. Dale; what is it?"

"About Lily's horse."

"Lily's horse! What about her horse? I hope he's not vicious?"

"She is riding every day with your niece," said the squire, thinking it best to stick to his own point.

"It will do her all the good in the world," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Very likely. I don't doubt it. I do not in the least disapprove her riding. But—"

"But what, Mr. Dale?"

"I should be so much obliged if I might be allowed to pay the livery stable-keeper's bill."

"Oh, laws a' mercy."

"I daresay it may sound odd, but as I have a fancy about it, I'm sure you'll gratify me."

"Of course I will. I'll remember it. I'll make it all right with Bernard. Bernard and I have no end of accounts—or shall have before long—and we'll make an item of it. Then you can arrange with Bernard afterward."

Mr. Dale, as he got up to go away, felt that he was beaten, but he did not know how to carry the battle any further on that occasion. He could not take out his purse and put down the cost of the horse on the table.

"I will then speak to my nephew about it," he said, very gravely, as he went away.

And he did speak to his nephew about it, and even wrote to him more than once. But it was all to no purpose. Mr. Potts could not be induced to give a separate bill, and—so said Bernard—swore at last that he would furnish no account to anybody for horses that went to Mrs. Thorne's door except to Mrs. Thorne herself.

That night Lily took leave of her uncle and remained at Mrs. Thorne's house. As things were now arranged, she would, no doubt, be in London when John Eames returned. If he should find her in town—and she told herself that if she was in town he certainly would find her—he would doubtless repeat to her the offer he had so often made before. She never ventured to tell herself that she doubted as to the answer to be made to him. The two letters were written in the book, and must remain there. But she felt that she would have had more courage for persistency down at Allington than she would be able to summon to her assistance up in London. She knew she would be weak, should she be found by him alone in Mrs. Thorne's drawing-room. It would be better for her to make some excuse and go home. She was resolved that she would not become his wife. She could not extricate herself from the dominion of a feeling which she believed to be love for another man. She had given a solemn promise both to her mother and to John Eames that she would not marry that other man; but in doing so she had made a solemn promise to herself that she would not marry John Eames. She had sworn it and would keep her oath. And

yet she regretted it. In writing home to her mother the next day, she told Mrs. Dale that all the world was speaking well of John Eames, that John had won for himself a reputation of his own, and was known far and wide to be a noble fellow. She could not keep herself from praising John Eames, though she knew that such praise might and would be used against her at some future time.

"Though I cannot love him, I will give him his due," she said herself.

"I wish you would make up your mind to have an 'it' for yourself," Emily Dunstable said to her again that night; "a nice 'it,' so that I could make a friend, perhaps a brother of him."

"I shall never have an 'it,' if I live to be a hundred," said Lily Dale.

CHAPTER LIII.—ROTTEN ROW.

LILY had heard nothing as to the difficulty about her horse, and could therefore enjoy her exercise without the drawback of feeling that her uncle was subjected to an annoyance. She was in the habit of going out every day with Bernard and Emily Dunstable, and their party was generally joined by others who would meet them at Mrs. Thorne's house. For Mrs. Thorne was a very hospitable woman, and there were many who liked well enough to go to her house. Late in the afternoon there would be a great congregation of horses before the door—sometimes as many as a dozen; and then the cavalcade would go off into the Park, and there it would become scattered. As neither Bernard nor Miss Dunstable were unconscionable lovers, Lily in these scatterings did not often find herself neglected or lost. Her cousin would generally remain with her, and as in those days she had no "it" of her own she was well pleased that he should do so.

But it so happened that on a certain afternoon she found herself riding in Rotten Row alone with a certain stout gentleman whom she constantly met at Mrs. Thorne's house. His name was Onesiphorus Dunn, and he was usually called Siph by his intimate friends. It had seemed to Lily that everybody was an intimate friend of Mr. Dunn's, and she was in daily fear lest she should make a mistake and call him Siph herself. Had she done so it would not have mattered in the least. Mr. Dunn, had he observed it at all, would neither have been flattered nor angry. A great many young ladies about London did call him Siph, and to him it was quite natural that they should do so. He was an Irishman, living on the best of everything in the world, with apparently no fortune of his own, and certainly never earning anything. Everybody liked him, and it was admitted on all sides that there was no safer friend in the world, either for young ladies or young men, than Mr. Onesiphorus Dunn. He did not borrow money, and he did not encroach. He did like being asked out to dinner, and he did think that they to whom he gave the light of his countenance in town owed him the return of a week's run in the country. He neither shot, nor hunted nor fished, nor read, and yet he was never in the way in any house. He did play billiards, and whist, and croquet—very badly. He was a good judge of wine, and would occasionally condescend to look after the bottling of it on behalf of some very intimate friend. He was a great friend of Mrs. Thorne's, with whom he always spent ten days in the autumn at Chalcidotea.

Bernard and Emily were not insatiable lovers, but, nevertheless, Mrs. Thorne had thought it proper to provide a fourth in the riding-parties, and had put Mr. Dunn upon his duty.

"Don't bother yourself about it, Siph," she had said; "only if those lovers should go off philosophizing out of sight, our little country lassie might find herself to be nowhere in the Park."

Siph had promised to make himself useful, and had done so. There had generally been so large a number in their party that the work imposed on Mr. Dunn had been very light. Lily had never found out that he had been especially consigned to her as her own cavalier, but had seen quite enough of him to be aware that he was a pleasant companion. To her, thinking, as she ever was thinking, about Johnny Eames, Siph was much more agreeable than might have been a younger man who would have endeavored to make her think about himself.

Thus when she found herself riding alone in Rotten Row with Siph Dunn, she was neither disconcerted nor displeased. He had been talking to her about Lord de Guest, whom he had known—for Siph knew everybody—and Lily had begun to wonder whether he knew John Eames. She would have liked to hear the opinion of such a man about John Eames. She was making up her mind that she would say something about the Crawley matter—not intending of course to mention John Eames's name—when suddenly her tongue was paralyzed and she could not speak. At that moment they were standing near a corner, where a turning path made an angle in the iron rails. Mr. Dunn having proposed that they should wait there for a few minutes before they returned home, as it was probable that Bernard and Miss Dunstable might come up.

They had been there for some five or ten minutes, and Lily had asked her first question about the Crawleys, inquiring of Mr. Dunn whether he had heard of a terrible accusation which had been made against a clergyman in Barchinshire—when on a sudden her tongue was paralyzed. As they were standing, Lily's horse was turned toward the diverging path, whereas Mr. Dunn was looking the other way, toward Achilles and Apsley House. Mr. Dunn was nearer to the railings, but though they were thus looking different ways, they were so placed that each could see the face of the other. Then, on a sudden, coming slowly toward her along the diverging path, and leaning on the arm of another man, she saw—Adolphus Crosbie.

She had never seen him since a day on which she had parted from him with many kisses—with warm, pressing, eager kisses—of which she had been now and then ashamed. He had then been to her almost as her husband. She had trusted him entirely, and had thrown herself into his arms with a full reliance. There is often much of reticence on the part of a woman toward a man to whom she is engaged, something also of shamedness occasionally. There exists a shadow of doubt—at least of that hesitation which shows that, in spite of vows, the woman knows that a change may come, and that provision for such possible steps backward should always be within her reach. But Lily had cast all such caution to the winds. She had given herself to the man entirely, and had determined that she would sink or swim, stand or fall, live or die, by him and by his truth. He had been as false as hell. She had been in his arms, clinging to him, kissing him, swearing that her only pleasure in the world was to be with him—with him her treasure, her promised husband; and within a month, a week, he had been false to her. There had come upon her crushing tidings, and she had for days wondered that they had not killed her. But she had lived, and had forgiven him. She had still loved him, and had received

new offers from him, which had been answered as the reader knows. But she had never seen him since the day on which she had parted from him at Allington, without a doubt as to his faith. Now he was before her, walking on the footpath, almost within reach of her whip.

He did not recognize her, but as he passed on he did recognize Mr. Onesiphorus Dunn, and stopped to speak to him. Or it might have been that Crosbie's friend, Fowler Pratt, stopped with this special object, for Siph Dunn was an intimate friend of Fowler Pratt's. Crosbie and Siph were also acquainted, but in those days Crosbie did not care much for stopping his friends in the Park or elsewhere. He had become moody and discontented, and was generally seen going about the world alone. On this special occasion he was having a little special conversation about money with his very old friend, Fowler Pratt.

"What, Siph, is this you? You're always on horseback now," said Fowler Pratt.

"Well, yes; I have gone in a good deal for cavalry work this last month. I've been lucky enough to have a young lady to ride with me." This he said in a whisper, which the distance of Lily justified. "How d'ye do, Crosbie? One doesn't often see you on horseback, or on foot either."

"I've something to do besides going to look or to be looked at," said Crosbie.

Then he raised his eyes, and saw Lily's side-face, and recognized her. Had he seen her before he had been stopped on his way, I think he would have passed on, endeavoring to escape observation. But as it was, his feet had been arrested before he knew of her close vicinity, and now it would seem that he was afraid of her, and was flying from her, were he at once to walk off, leaving his friend behind him. And he knew that she had seen him and recognized him, and was now suffering from his presence. He could not but perceive that it was so from the fixedness of her face, and from the constrained manner in which she gazed before her. His friend, Fowler Pratt, had never seen Miss Dale, though he knew very much of her history. Siph Dunn knew nothing of the history of Crosbie and his love, and was unaware that he and Lily had ever seen each other. There was thus no help near her to extricate her from her difficulty.

"When a man has any work to do in the world," said Siph, "he always boasts of it to his acquaintance, and curses his luck to himself. I have nothing to do, and can go about to see and to be seen; and I must own that I like it."

"Especially the being seen—eh, Siph?" said Fowler Pratt. "I also have nothing on earth to do; and I come here every day because it is as easy to do that as to go anywhere else."

Crosbie was still looking at Lily. He could not help himself. He could not take his eyes from off her. He could see that she was as pretty as ever—that she was but very little altered. She was, in truth, somewhat stouter than in the old days, but of that he took no especial notice. Should he speak to her? Should he try to catch her eye, and then raise his hat? Should he go up to her horse's head boldly and ask her to let bygones be bygones? He had an idea that of all courses which he could pursue that was the one which she would approve the best—which would be most efficacious for him, if with her anything from him might have any efficacy. But he could not do it. He did not know what words he might best use. Would it become him humbly to sue to her for pardon? Or should he strive to express his unaltered love by some tone of his voice? Or should he simply ask her after her health? He made one step toward her, and he saw that the face became more rigid and more fixed than before, and then he desisted. He told himself that he was simply hateful to her. He thought that he could perceive that there was no tenderness mixed with her unabated anger.

At this moment Bernard Dale and Emily came close upon him, and Bernard saw him at once. It was through Bernard that Lily and Crosbie had come to know each other. He and Bernard Dale had been fast friends in old times, and had, of course, been bitter enemies since the day of Crosbie's treachery. They had never spoken since, though they had often seen each other, and Dale was not at all disposed to speak to him now. The moment that he recognized Crosbie he looked across to his cousin. For an instant an idea had flashed across him that he was there by her permission, with her assent; but it required no second glance to show him that this was not the case.

"Dunn," he said, "I think we will ride on," and he put his horse into a trot.

Siph, whose ear was very accurate, and who knew at once that something was wrong, trotted on with him, and Lily, of course, was not left behind.

"Is there anything the matter?" said Emily to her lover.

"Nothing specially the matter," he replied; "but you were standing in company with the greatest blackguard that ever lived, and I thought we had better change our ground."

"Bernard!" said Lily, flashing on him with all the fire which her eyes could command. Then she remembered that she could not reprimand him for the offense of such abuse in such a company, so she reined in her horse and fell a weeping.

Siph Dunn, with his wicked cleverness, knew the whole story at once, remembering that he had once heard something of Crosbie having behaved very ill to some one before he married Lady Alexandrina de Courcy. He stopped his horse also, falling a little behind Lily, so that he might not be supposed to have seen her tears, and began to hum a tune. Emily also, though not wickedly clever, understood something of it.

"If Bernard says anything to make you angry, I will scold him," she said.

Then the two girls rode on together in front, while Bernard fell back with Siph Dunn.

"Pratt," said Crosbie, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder as soon as the party had ridden out of hearing, "do you see that girl there in the dark blue habit?"

"What, the one nearest to the path?"

"Yes; the one nearest to the path. That is Lily Dale."

"Lily Dale!" said Fowler Pratt.

"Yes; that is Lily Dale."

"Did you speak to her?" Pratt asked.

"No; she gave me no chance. She was there but a moment. But it was herself. It seems so odd to me that I should have been thus so near her again."

If there was any man to whom Crosbie could have spoken freely about Lily Dale, it was this man, Fowler Pratt. Pratt was the oldest friend he had in the world, and it had happened that when he first woke to the misery that he had prepared for himself in throwing over Lily and betraying himself to his late wife, Pratt had been the first person to whom he had communicated his sorrow. Not that he had ever been really open in his communications. It is not given to such men as Crosbie to speak openly of themselves to

their friends. Nor indeed was Fowler Pratt one who was fond of listening to such tales. He had no such tales to tell of himself, and he thought that men and women should go through the world quietly, not subjecting themselves or their acquaintances to anxieties and emotions from peculiar conduct. But he was conscientious, and courageous also as well as prudent, and he had dared to tell Crosbie that he was behaving very badly. He had spoken his mind plainly, and had then given all the assistance in his power. He paused a moment before he replied, weighing, like a prudent man, the force of the words he was about to utter.

"It is much better as it is," he said. "It is much better that you should be as strangers for the future."

"I do not see that at all," said Crosbie. "They were both leaning on the rails, and so they remained for the next twenty minutes."

"I do not see that at all," said Crosbie.

"I feel sure of it. What could come of any renewed intercourse—even if she would allow it?"

"I might make her my wife."

"And do you think that you would be happy with her, or she with you, after what has passed?"

"I do think so."

"I do not. It might be possible that she should bring herself to marry you. Women delight to forgive injuries. They like the excitement of generosity. But she could never forget that you had had a former wife, or the circumstances under which you were married. And as for yourself, you would regret it after the first month. How could you ever speak to her of your love without speaking also of your shame? If a man does marry, he should at least be able to hold up his head before his wife."

"This was very severe, but Crosbie showed no anger."

"I think I should do so," he said—"after a while."

"And then, about money? Of course you would have to tell her everything."

"Everything—of course."

"It is like enough that she might not regard that—except that she would feel that if you could not afford to marry her when you were unembarrassed, you can hardly afford to do so when you are over head and ears in debt."

"She has money now."

"After all that has come and gone you would hardly seek Lily Dale because you want to marry a fortune."

"You are too hard on me, Pratt. You know that my only reason for seeking her is that I love her."

"I do not mean to be hard. But I have a very strong opinion that the quarrels of lovers, when they are of so very serious a nature, are a bad basis for the renewal of love. Come, let us go and dress for dinner. I am going to dine with Mrs. Thorne, the millionaire, who married a country doctor, and who used to be called Miss Dunstable."

"I never dine out anywhere now," said Crosbie. And then they walked out of the Park together.

Neither of them, of course, knew that Lily Dale was staying at the house at which Fowler Pratt was going to dine.

Lily, as she rode home, did not speak a word. She would have given worlds to be able to talk, but she could not even make a beginning. She heard Bernard and Siph Dunn chatting behind her, and hoped that they would continue to do so till she was safe within the house. They all used her well, for no one tried to draw her into conversation. Once Emily said to her:

"Shall we trot a little, Lily?"

And then they had moved on quickly, and the misery was soon over. As soon as she was upstairs in the house, she got Emily by herself, and explained all the mystery in a word or two.

"I fear I have made a fool of myself. That was the man to whom I was once engaged."

"What, Mr. Crosbie?" said Emily, who had heard the whole story from Bernard.

"Yes, Mr. Crosbie; pray do not say a word of it to anybody—not even to your aunt. I am better now, but I was such a fool. No, dear; I won't go into the drawing-room. I'll go up-stairs, and come down ready for dinner."

When she was alone she sat down in her habit, and declared to herself that she certainly would never become the wife of Mr. Crosbie. I do not know why she should make such a declaration. She had promised her mother and John Eames that she would not do so, and that promise would certainly have bound her without any further resolutions on her own part. But, to tell the truth, the vision of the man had disenchanted her.

When last she had seen him he had been as it were a god to her; and though, since that day, his conduct to her had been as ungodlike as it well might be, still the memory of the outward signs of divinity had remained with her. It is difficult to explain how it had come to pass that the glimpse which she had had of him should have altered so much within her mind; why she should so suddenly have come to regard him in an altered light. It was not simply that he looked to be older, and because his face was careworn. It was not only that he had lost that of an Apollo which Lily had once in her mirth attributed to him. I think it was chiefly that she herself was older, and could no longer see a god in such a man. She had never regarded John Eames as being gifted with divinity, and had therefore always been making comparisons to his discredit. Any such comparison now would tend quite the other way. Nevertheless she would adhere to the two letters in her book. Since she had seen Mr. Crosbie she was altogether out of love with the prospect of matrimony.

She was in the room when Mr. Pratt was announced, and she at once recognized him as the man who had been with Crosbie. And when, some minutes afterward, Siph Dunn came into the room, she could see that in their greeting allusion was made to the scene in the Park. But still it was probable that this man would not recognize her, and, if he did so, what would it matter? There were twenty people to sit down to dinner, and the chances were that she would not be called upon to exchange a word with Mr. Pratt. She had now recovered herself, and could speak freely to her friend Siph, and when Siph came and stood near her she thanked him graciously for his escort in the Park.

"If it wasn't for you, Mr. Dunn, I really think I should not get any riding at all. Bernard and Miss Dunstable have only one thing to think about, and certainly I am not that one thing."

She thought it probable that if she could keep Siph close to her, Mrs. Thorne, who always managed those things for herself, might apportion her out to be led to dinner by her good-natured friend. But the fates were averse. The time had now come, and Lily was waiting her turn.

"Mr. Fowler Pratt, let me introduce you to Miss Lily Dale," said Mrs. Thorne. Lily could perceive that Mr. Pratt was startled.

The sign he gave was the least possible sign in the world; but still it sufficed for Lily to perceive it. She put her hand upon his arm, and walked down with him to the dining-room without giving him the slightest cause to suppose that she knew who he was.

"I think I saw you in the Park riding?" he said.

"Yes, I was there; we go nearly every day."

"I never ride; I was walking."

"It seems to me that the people don't go there to walk, but to stand still," said Lily. "I cannot understand how so many people can bear to loiter about in that way—leaning on the rails and doing nothing."

"It is about as good as the riding, and costs less money. That is all that can be said for it. Do you live chiefly in town?"

"Oh, dear, no; I live altogether in the country. I'm only up here because a cousin is going to be married."

"Captain Dale you mean—to Miss Dunstable?" said Fowler Pratt.

"When they have been joined together in holy matrimony, I shall go down to the country, and never, I suppose, come up to London again."

"You do not like London?"

"Not as a residence, I think," said Lily. "But of course one's likings and dislikings on such a matter depend on circumstances. I live with my mother, and all my relatives live near us. Of course I like the country best, because they are there."

"Young ladies so often have a different way of looking at this subject. I shouldn't wonder if Miss Dunstable's views about it were altogether of another sort. Young ladies generally expect to be taken away from their fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts."

"But you see I expect to be left with mine," said Lily.

After that she turned as much away from Mr. Fowler Pratt as she could, having taken an aversion to him. What business had he to talk to her about being taken away from her uncles and aunts? She had seen him with Mr. Crosbie, and it might be possible that they were intimate friends. It might be that Mr. Pratt was asking questions in Mr. Crosbie's interest. Let that be as it might, she would answer no more questions from him further than ordinary good breeding should require of her.

"She is a nice girl, certainly," said Fowler Pratt to himself, as he walked home, "and I have no doubt would make a good ordinary, every-day wife. But she is not such a paragon that a man should condescend to grovel in the dirt for her."

That night Lily told Emily Dunstable the whole of Mr. Crosbie's history as far as she knew it, and also explained her new aversion to Mr. Fowler Pratt.

"They are very great friends," said Emily. Bernard has told me so; and you may be sure that Mr. Pratt knew the whole history before he came here. I am sorry that my aunt asked him."

"It does not signify in the least," said Lily. "Even if I were to meet Mr. Crosbie I don't think I should make such a fool of myself again. As it is, I can only hope he did not see it."

"I am sure he did not."

Then there was a pause, during which Lily sat with her face resting on both hands.

"It is wonderful how much he is altered," she said at last.

"Think how much he has suffered."

"I suppose I am altered as much, only I do not see it in myself."

"I don't know what you were, but I don't think you have changed much. You no doubt have suffered, too, but not as he has done."

"Oh, as for that, I have done very well. I think I'll go to bed now. The riding makes me so sleepy."

CHAPTER LIV.—THE CLERICAL COMMISSION.

It was at last arranged that the five clergymen selected should meet at Dr. Tempest's house in Silverbridge to make an inquiry and report to the bishop whether the circumstances connected with the check for twenty pounds were of such a nature as to make it incumbent on him to institute proceedings against Mr. Crawley in the Court of Arches. Dr. Tempest had acted upon the letter which he had received from the bishop exactly as though there had been no meeting at the palace, no quarrel to the death between him and Mrs. Proudie. He was a prudent man, gifted with the great power of holding his tongue, and had not spoken a word, even to his wife, of what had occurred. After such a victory our old friend the archdeacon would have blown his own trumpet loudly among his friends. Plumstead would have heard of it instantly, and the pæan would have been sung out in the neighboring parishes of Eiderdown, Stoppingum, and St. Ewolds. The high-street of Barchester would have known of it, and the very bedesmen in Hiram's Hospital would have told among themselves the terrible discomfiture of the bishop and his lady. But Dr. Tempest spoke no word of it to anybody.

He wrote letters to the two clergymen named by the bishop, and himself selected two others out of his own rural deanery, and suggested to them all a day at which a preliminary meeting should be held at his own house. The two who were invited by him were Mr. Oriel, the Rector of Greshambury, and Mr. Roberts, the Vicar of Framley. They all assented to the proposition, and on the day named assembled themselves at Silverbridge.

It was now April, and the judges were to come into Barchester before the end of the month. What, then, could be the use of this ecclesiastical inquiry exactly at the same time? Men and women declared that it was a double prosecution, and that a double prosecution for the same offense was a course of action opposed to the feelings and traditions of the country. Miss Anne Prettyman went so far as to say that it was unconstitutional, and Mary Walker declared that no human being except Mrs. Proudie would ever have been guilty of such cruelty.

"Don't tell me about the bishop, John," she said; "the bishop is a cipher."

"You may be sure that Dr. Tempest would not have a hand in it if it were not right," said John Walker.

"My dear Mr. John," said Miss Anne Prettyman, "Dr. Tempest is as hard as a bar of iron, and always was. But I am surprised that Mr. Roberts should take a part in it."

In the meantime, at the palace, Mrs. Proudie had been reduced to learn what was going on from Mr. Thumble. The bishop had never spoken a word to her respecting Mr. Crawley since that terrible day on which Dr. Tempest had witnessed his imbecility, having absolutely declined to answer when his wife had mentioned the subject.

"You won't speak to me, about it, my dear?" she had said to him, when he had thus declined, remarking more in sorrow than in anger.

"No; I won't," the bishop had replied. "There has been a great deal too much talking about it. It has broken my heart already, I know."

These were very bad days in the palace. Mrs. Proudie affected to be satisfied with what was being done. She talked to Mr. Thumble about Mr. Crawley and the check as though everything were arranged quite to her satisfaction—as though everything, indeed, had been arranged by herself. But everybody about the house could see that the manner of the woman was altogether altered. She was milder than usual with the servants, and was almost too gentle in her usage of her husband. It seemed as though something had happened to frighten her and break her spirit, and it was whispered about through the palace that she was afraid that the bishop was dying.

As for him, he hardly left his own sitting-room in these days, except when he joined the family at breakfast and dinner. And in his study he did little or nothing. He would smile when his chaplain went to him, and give some trifling verbal directions; but for days he scarcely ever took a pen in his hands, and though he took up many books he hardly read a page. How often he told his wife in those days that he was broken-hearted no one but his wife ever knew.

"What has happened that you should speak like that?" she said to him once. "What has broken your heart?"

"You," he replied. "You; you have done it."

"Oh, Tom," she said, going back into the memory of very far distant days in her nomenclature, "how can you speak to me so cruelly as that! That it should come to that between you and me, after all!"

"Why did you not go away and leave me that day when I told you?"

"Did you ever know a woman who liked to be turned out of a room in her own house?" said Mrs. Proudie.

When Mrs. Proudie had condescended so far as this, it must be admitted that in those days there was great trouble in the palace.

Mr. Thumble, on the day before he went to Silverbridge, asked for an audience with the bishop, in order that he might receive instructions. He had been strictly desired to do this by Mrs. Proudie, and had not dared to disobey her injunctions, thinking, however, himself, that his doing so was inexpedient.

"I have got nothing to say to you about it; not a word," said the bishop, crossly.

"I thought that perhaps you might like to see me before I started," pleaded Mr. Thumble, very humbly.

"I don't want to see you at all," said the bishop; "you are going there to exercise your own judgment, if you have got any, and you ought not to come to me."

After that Mr. Thumble began to think that Mrs. Proudie was right, and that the bishop was near his dissolution.

Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful went over to Silverbridge together in a gig, hired from the Dragon of Wantly—as to the cost of which there arose among them a not unnatural apprehension, which amounted at last almost to dismay.

"I don't mind it so much for once," said Mr. Quiverful; "but if many such meetings are necessary, I for one can't afford it, and I won't do it. A man with my family can't allow himself to be money out of pocket in that way."

"It is hard," said Mr. Thumble.

"She ought to pay it herself out of her own pocket," said Mr. Quiverful.

He had had concerns with the palace when Mrs. Proudie was in the full swing of her dominion, and had not as yet begun to suspect that there might possibly be a change.

Mr. Oriel and Mr. Roberts were already sitting with Dr. Tempest when the other two clergymen were shown into the room. When the first greetings were over luncheon was announced, and while they were eating not a word was said about Mr. Crawley. The ladies of the family were not present, and the five clergymen sat round the table alone.

It would have been difficult to have got together five gentlemen less likely to act with one mind and one spirit; and perhaps it was all the better for Mr. Crawley that it should be so. Dr. Tempest himself was a man peculiarly capable of exercising the functions of a judge in such a matter, and he sat alone as a judge; but he was one who would be almost sure to differ from others who sat as equal assessors with him. Mr. Oriel was a gentleman at all points; but he was very shy, very reticent, and altogether uninterested in the ordinary daily intercourse of man with man. Any one knowing him might have predicted of him that he would be sure on such an occasion as this to be found floundering in a sea of doubts. Mr. Quiverful was the father of a large family, whose whole life had been devoted to fighting a cruel world on behalf of his wife and children. That fight he had fought bravely; but it had left him no energy for any other business. Mr. Thumble was a poor creature—so poor a creature that, in spite of a small restless ambition to be doing something, he was almost cowed by the hard lines of Dr. Tempest's brow. The Rev. Mark Roberts was a man of the world, and a clever fellow, and did not stand in awe of anybody—unless it might be, in a very moderate degree, of his patrons the Luftons, whom he was bound to respect; but his cleverness was not the cleverness needed by a judge. He was essentially a partisan, and would be sure to vote against the bishop in such a matter as this now before him. There was a palace faction in the diocese, and an anti-palace faction. Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful belonged to one, and Mr. Oriel and Mr. Roberts to the other. Mr. Thumble was too weak to stick to his faction against the strength of such a man as Dr. Tempest. Mr. Quiverful would be too indifferent to do so—unless his interest were concerned. Mr. Oriel would be too conscientious to regard his own side on such an occasion as this. But Mark Roberts would be sure to support his friends and oppose his enemies, let the case be what it might.

"Now, gentlemen, if you please, we will go into the other room," said Dr. Tempest.

They went into the other room, and there they found five chairs arranged for them round the table. Not a word had as yet been said about Mr. Crawley, and no one of the four strangers knew whether Mr. Crawley was to appear before them on that day or not.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Tempest, seating himself at once in an arm-chair placed at the middle of the table, "I think it will be well to explain to you at first what, as I regard the matter, is the extent of the work which we are called upon to perform. It is of its nature very disagreeable. It cannot but be so, let it be ever so limited. Here is a brother clergyman and a gentleman, living among us, and doing his duty, as we are told, in a most exemplary manner; and suddenly we hear that he is accused of a theft. The matter is brought before the magistrates, of whom I myself was one, and he was committed for trial. There is therefore *prima facie* evidence of his

guilt. But I do not think that we need go into the question of his guilt at all."

When he said this, the other four all looked up at him in astonishment.

"I thought that we had been summoned here for that purpose," said Mr. Roberts.

"Not at all, as I take it," said the doctor. "Were we to commence any such inquiry, the jury would have given their verdict before we could come to any conclusion; and it would be impossible for us to oppose that verdict, whether it declares this unfortunate gentleman to be innocent or to be guilty. If the jury shall say that he is innocent, there is an end of the matter altogether. He would go back to his parish amidst the sympathy and congratulations of his friends. That is what we should all wish."

"Of course it is," said Mr. Roberts.

They all declared that was their desire, as a matter of course; and Mr. Thumble said it louder than any one else.

"But if he be found guilty, then will come that difficulty to the bishop, in which we are bound to give him any assistance within our power."

"Of course we are," said Mr. Thumble, who, having heard his own voice once, and having liked the sound, thought that he might creep into a little importance by using it on any occasion that opened itself for him.

"If you will allow me, sir, I will venture to state my views as shortly as I can," said Dr. Tempest. "That may perhaps be the most expeditious course for us all in the end."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Thumble. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

"In the case of his being found guilty," continued the doctor, "there will arise the question whether the punishment awarded to him by the judge should suffice for ecclesiastical purposes. Suppose, for instance, that he should be imprisoned for two months, should he be allowed to return to his living at the expiration of that term?"

"I think he ought," said Mr. Roberts; "considering all things."

"I don't see why he shouldn't," said Mr. Quiverful.

Mr. Oriel sat listening patiently, and Mr. Thumble looked up to the doctor, expecting to hear some opinion expressed by him with which he might coincide.

"There certainly are reasons why he should not," said Dr. Tempest; "though I by no means say that those reasons are conclusive in the present case. In the first place, a man who has stolen money can hardly be a fitting person to teach others not to steal."

"You must look to the circumstances," said Roberts.

"Yes, that is true; but just bear with me a moment. It cannot at any rate be thought that a clergyman should come out of prison and go to his living without any notice from his bishop, simply because he has already been punished under the common law. If this were so, a clergyman might be fined ten days running for being drunk in the street—five shillings each time—and at the end of that time might set his bishop at defiance. When a clergyman has shown himself to be utterly unfit for clerical duties, he must not be held to be protected from ecclesiastical censure, or from deprivation by the action of the common law."

"But Mr. Crawley has not shown himself to be unfit," said Roberts.

"That is begging the question, Roberts," said the doctor.

"Just so," said Mr. Thumble. Then Mr. Roberts gave a look at Mr. Thumble, and Mr. Thumble retired into his shoes.

"That is the question as to which we are called upon to advise the bishop," continued Dr. Tempest. "And I must say that I think the bishop is right. If he were to allow the matter to pass by without notice, that is to say, in the event of Mr. Crawley being pronounced to be guilty by a jury, he would, I think, neglect his duty. Now, I have been informed that the bishop has recommended Mr. Crawley to desist from his duties till the trial be over, and that Mr. Crawley has declined to take the bishop's advice."

"That is true," said Mr. Thumble. "He altogether disregarded the bishop."

"I cannot say that I think he was wrong," said Dr. Tempest.

"I think he was quite right," said Mr. Roberts.

"A bishop in almost all cases is entitled to the obedience of his clergy," said Mr. Oriel.

"I must say that I agree with you, sir," said Mr. Thumble.

"The income is not large, and I suppose that it would have gone with the duties," said Mr. Quiverful. "It is very hard for a man with a family to live when his income has been stopped."

"Be that as it may," continued the doctor, "the bishop feels that it may be his duty to oppose the return of Mr. Crawley to his pulpit, and that he can oppose it in no other way than by proceeding against Mr. Crawley under the Clerical Offences Act. I propose, therefore, that we should invite Mr. Crawley to attend here."

"Mr. Crawley is not coming here to-day, then," said Mr. Roberts.

"I thought it useless to ask for his attendance until we had settled on our course of action," said Dr. Tempest. "If we are all agreed, I will beg him to come here on this day week, when we will meet again. And we will then ask him whether he will submit himself to the bishop's decision, in the event of the jury finding him guilty. If he should decline to do so, we can only then form our opinion as to what will be the bishop's duty by reference to the facts as they are elicited at the trial. If Mr. Crawley should choose to make to us any statement as to his own case, of course we shall be willing to receive it. That is my idea of what had better be done; and now, if any gentleman has any other proposition to make, of course we shall be pleased to hear him."

Dr. Tempest, as he said this, looked round upon his companions, as though his pleasure, under the circumstance suggested by himself, would be very doubtful.

"I don't suppose we can do anything better," said Mr. Roberts. "I think it is a pity, however, that any steps should have been taken by the bishop before the trial."

"The bishop has been placed in a very delicate position," said Mr. Thumble, pleading for his patron.

"I don't know the meaning of the word 'delicate,'" said Roberts. "I think his duty was very clear, to avoid interference whilst the matter is, so to say, before the judge."

"Nobody has anything else to propose?" said Dr. Tempest. "Then I will write to Mr. Crawley, and you, gentlemen, will perhaps do me the honor of meeting me here at one o'clock on this day week."

It was the ornithological emblem of the United States were taken sick, why would it be contrary to nature? Because it would be an eagle.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN 1762.

A View of Charleston, S. C., in 1762.

The following account of Charleston, or as was then called, Charlestown, is taken from the *London Magazine* for June, 1762, "An Account of the City of Charlestown, Metropolis of the Province of South Carolina, with an Exact and Beautiful Prospect thereof":

Charlestown is situated on a neck of land between two navigable rivers, Ashley and Cowper, but mostly on the latter, having a creek on the north side, another on the fourth. It is a market town, and the produce of the whole province is brought to it for sale or exportation. Its trade is far from being inconsiderable, for it deals a thousand miles into the continent. Its greatest disadvantage is a bar at the entrance of the harbor, which admits no ships of above two hundred tons, except at spring tides; but close to the town there is good riding. The harbor is defended by a fort, called Johnson's fort, which mounts about twenty guns that range level with the surface of the water. The present governor of this fort is Lieut.-Colonel Probert Howarth, nephew of the late Sir Humphrey Howarth, Bart. Ashley river is navigable for ships twenty miles above the town; Cowper river not so far.

The town itself is regularly built, and strongly fortified by nature and art; has six bastions, and a line all round it; toward Cowper river are Blake's bastion, Granville's bastion, a half moon, and Craven's bastion; on the Creek are the palisades and Ashley's bastion; on the north a line, and facing Ashley's river, and Colliton's bastion, and Johnson's covered half moon, with a draw-bridge in the line, and another in the half moon; and next is Carteret's bastion. A fort has also been erected upon a point of land at the mouth of Ashley's river, which so commands the channel that ships cannot easily pass it.

The situation of Charlestown is very inviting, and the country about it agreeable and fruitful. The highways are extremely delightful, especially that called Broadway, which for three or four miles makes a road so charmingly green that no art could make so pleasing a sight for the whole year. The streets are well laid out, the houses large, some of brick, but more of timber and generally lathed, and let at excessive rents. The church is spacious, and in a very elegant taste, exceeding everything of that kind in North America, having three aisles, an organ, and a gallery quite round. There are meeting-houses for the several denominations of dissenters; among which the French Protestants have a church in the main street. It contains about eight hundred houses; is the seat of the governor, and the place where the general assembly and court of judicature are held, the public offices are held, and the business of the province transacted. Here the rich people have handsome equipages; the merchants are opulent and well bred; the people are thriving and extensive in dress and life; so that everything conspires to make this town the politest as it is one of the richest in America. In this town is a public library which owes its rise to Dr. Thomas Bray, as do most of the American libraries, having zealously solicited contributions in England for that purpose.

John Oxenford, Dramatist and Critic.

JOHN OXFENFORD, so long known to our public from his connection with the *London Times* as its Dramatic Critic, and even more generally as one of the most refined and popular of English dramatic authors, was born at Camberwell, Surrey, according to general biographical authority, on August 12, 1812. His family is said to have originated on the left hand side of the house with the Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister to George II.; but, whether so or not, his father destined him to thrive upon six-and-eightpenny fees, as he originally articulated him to a solicitor. Mr. John Oxenford being at that time rather more erratic than he was subsequently, did not relish the drudgery of an attorney's office, and soon abandoned it—although we have heard him, in after years, dwell, with great gusto, upon the fact that he actually had one genuine client. Shortly after this he became portion of the editorial staff of the *London Times*, of which he has been the Dramatic Critic for more than thirty years, as well as officiating in other of the necessary portions of that journal.

His first effort as a dramatist was a farce, brought out at the Lyceum in 1835, called "My Fellow-Clerk"; almost immediately followed by "Twice Killed," at the Olympic, under the management of Madame Vestris. This theatre was, at the period, one of the most fashionable in London, and the undoubted success which the farce met with—it is possibly the best known in the language—at once decided his vocation. In the spring of the following year he produced "A Day Well Spent" at the Lyceum, and from that period has been a tolerably constant writer for the stage. One of his principal pieces at this period was a dramatic version of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," which was one of the Vestris successes at the Olympic. In all, he has written more than sixty pieces for the stage. Nor has he been born as a dramatist to one peculiar line. He has distributed his attentions with liberality amongst drama, comedy and farce, and has attended, with praiseworthy impartiality, to the needs of Madame Vestris or Charlotte Cushman. As a dramatic critic he was the first to discover the comic genius of Robson—now passed away—whose success he originally founded; and was one of the first who welcomed Sothorn's Lord Dundreary with a friendly hand—or rather with a friendly pen, to London.

He is deeply read in German literature and philoso-

phy. An article which was published in the *Westminster Review*, on the philosophy of Schopenhauer, was translated into German and published as a preface to a work by one of Schopenhauer's most enthusiastic disciples, which must be considered as a rare compliment to an English writer; while his translation of Kuno Fischer's "Baron of Verulam," with original notes, is used as a text-book at the Scotch Universities, and obtained the strong endorsement of the late Sir William Hamilton.

As a song-writer he is scarcely less well-known—more especially, perhaps, as a translator of most of the German songs that have been republished in England. His best known work for music is, however, the libretto to Macfarren's "Robin Hood," which has been pronounced by a few of the London critics the best half of the opera.

We may add to the many claims upon general reputation which are possessed by this able man, who is now visiting this country, a claim which is exclusively American. He is the nephew of the late Mr. Alsager, for many years the money-editor of the *London Times*, who was, during the whole of Andrew Jackson's double term of the Presidency, the great endorser and supporter in England of his policy.



JOHN OXFENFORD, ESQ., OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

The Circulating Libraries of the Fifteenth Century.

WHEN the monasteries lent their books, a volume frequently consisted of so many pamphlets, and the sums demanded for lending the separate fasciculi were specified. The *livraisons* or pamphlets of sixteen pages were called *quaterzi*; pamphlets of half that quantity *pecia*. The few examples that follow will indicate the taxes on borrowed knowledge in the early part of the century.

For the complete Commentary of St. Gregory on Job, containing a hundred *pecia* (800 pages), 8 sols. For the homilies of the same saint in 28 such portions, 18 deniers (3d.). The book of the sacraments of Hugh of Saint Victor, 34 pamphlets, 3 sols. The works of St. Augustin and St. Thomas were taxed somewhat higher; but on the whole, it is evident that the high ruling powers of the University did not wish to exact a heavy toll on the highways of knowledge. In the memorandums of these transactions that have come down to us across five centuries, the times for which the works were lent are not specified. At the end of a year the deposit was lost, or the security sued. Contrary to the usage of modern circulating libraries, citizens were charged less than country folk. The reading of the *pecia* (8 page pamphlet) was one *denier* (1-24d.) in the city, 1-12d. outside. This was owing to the greater trouble of recovering the property from the extramural folk.

In the century preceding the one under consideration, an archdeacon of Canterbury bequeathed all his theological books to the Chancellor of Notre Dame de Paris, stipulating that the works should be lent gratis to the poor students. The ordinary proverb about the progress of charity was not established so early as the thirteenth century, or it had not made its way to Canterbury.

Many of the lent books never returned, notwithstanding the wise rule of exacting security. The good Richard de Bury lamented, both in sorrow and anger, how students would leave their books in pledge with tavern-keepers and usurers, like the old Conventicle, Petrarch's tutor, who lost in this way the "Treatise on Glory," by Cicero. It is not difficult to imagine the gloom that overshadowed the conversation held by the bishop with Petrarch at the Court of Avignon, as they spoke of the terrible loss to literature inflicted by the learned but unprincipled Conventicle.

Sometimes tavern-keepers held the office of librarians, and spendthrift students would be found gambling their books on the tables of the tap-rooms. The winner considered himself at liberty to sell any book or part of a book thus won, and so the worthy who dealt in wine as well as literature, had opportunities of getting bargains from the successful gamblers. All this of course was carefully kept from the knowledge of the heads of colleges.

When any books exposed for sale were found incorrect, they were confiscated, corrected, and resold. If errors of any kind were abundant, the volumes were burned.

The retrospect of all this is pleasant enough, as it exhibits the untiring efforts of good and learned men, and the communities in which they congregated, to keep the flame of piety and knowledge alive, and spread its light as far as possible through a period which formed a portion of the dark ages. These same ages were not so black as they are painted, and ordinary book-knowledge had a wider extent than is supposed. A few sentences borrowed from M. Le Clerc are *apropos* to the occasion:

"The negligence of those who so carelessly gambled away their books, the forfeits so often suffered by the borrowers, and the very moderation of the tariffs, seem to prove that the rarity and dearth of the manuscripts have been much exaggerated. We hear but of the value attached to some masterpieces of calligraphy, to some priceless specimens adorned with rich paintings and sumptuous bindings, or to those works of which but very few transcriptions were made. It is to these circumstances or to others unknown to us, that the impression of the rarity of all MSS. and their high prices is due."

Pondering on the high prices at which these rare specimens were sold, we overlook the large amount of MSS. executed for the mere purposes of enlarging the boundaries of piety and human knowledge, and the great benefits which they wrought among all that had any innate desire of knowledge in every class of the community.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

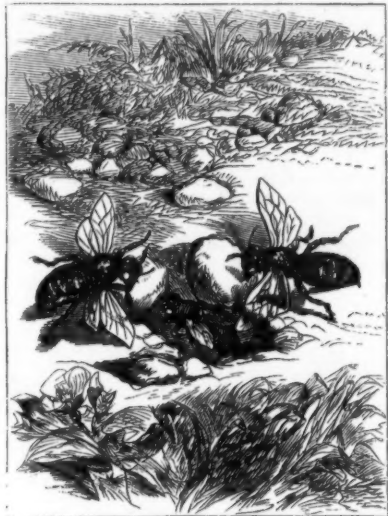
HOME INCIDENTS &c.

Funeral of a Bee.

A correspondent from Oneida, N. Y., transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near my house I observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. I followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk; the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away to their hive."

Terrible Struggle with a Snake.

A few weeks since the wife of Mr. William Richardson, of Waldo Township, Ohio, missing her son, went out in the garden to hunt him. To her horror, she saw



FUNERAL OF A BEE.

the young fellow (twelve years old) literally enveloped in the folds of a monster snake. Her cries did not reach the father, who was at work in the neighboring field; and seeing the boy black with strangulation, she heroically seized the snake in her hands and tore it loose. No sooner was it loose, however, than it made for the mother ferociously, and coiled itself about her person, attempting to strangle her, as he did the boy. She again seized him, and disengaged herself from him and killed him with an ax. The boy swelled up for several days, but he fully recovered. The snake was what is called the "blue racer," which does not bite but strangles, and measured ten feet.

A Rescue from Drowning.

Quite recently a gallant rescue from drowning took place under rather novel circumstances, at the foot of Rutgers street in this city. A number of boys were bathing in the river at the point indicated, and while they were doing so a young man named Patrick Sharkey, who is in the employment of Mr. Dalton, corner of Rutgers street and East Broadway, accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog, the property of his employer, was standing by looking at the young fellows taking their bath. One of the boys, a good swimmer, dived once or twice. The dog plunged into the water and



TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH A SNAKE.

made toward the lad, who became alarmed and dived again and again to get out of the animal's way. It is known that the instinct of Newfoundland dogs leads them to save persons from drowning, but the boy, in his excitement, seeing the dog coming up to him, dived, as stated, to avoid collision with him. Mr. Sharkey, fearing that the boy would be drowned, took off his coat and courageously jumped into the water, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in bringing the dog and the boy safely to the shore. The act of Mr. Sharkey was very courageous and deserves honorable mention. He wore at the time a gold watch, which has been rendered almost useless by immersion in the water. If there is any society for the reward of humane conduct, Mr. Sharkey deserves consideration at its hands.

Natural Magic.

The famous magician, Robert Houdin, occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of all who may happen to be present. Recently in Atlanta, Georgia, while passing an itinerant vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Houdin suddenly paused and inquired: "How do you sell eggs, suntu?" "Dem eggs?" was the response, "dey am a picayune



A RESCUE FROM DROWNING.



NATURAL MAGIC.



INDIAN RAID ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD EMPLOYEES.

apiece—fresh, too, de last one ob dem; biled 'em myself and knows dey's fast rate." "Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician, as he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?" "Yes, sar, dere dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest. Leisurely drawing out a neat little penknife, Mr. Houdin proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright, new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying embedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it first came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another egg, inquired: "And how much do you ask for this egg?" "De Lord bress my soul! Dat egg? De fac am, boss, dat egg is worth a dime, shuah!" "All right," was the response, "there's your dime; now give me the egg." Separating it with an exact precision that the colored woman watched most eagerly, a quarter eagle was carefully picked out of the centre of the egg and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well as she might have been, and her customer had to ask her the price of the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply. "Dar's no use talkin', marse'r," said the bewildered old



WHAT THE ROBINS DID.

darkey, "I couldn't let you hab dat dar egg, no how, for less dan a quarter, I declare to de Lord I can't." "Very good," said Houdin, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter, and here is the egg. All right." As he opened the last egg, a brace of five dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his palm, the amazed coolly remarked: "Very good eggs, indeed; I rather like them, and while I am about it, I believe I'll buy a dozen. What is the price?" "No price," screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs, marse'r, for all the money you's got. No! dat you couldn't. I'se gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is, and dat money in dem eggs all belongs to me. It does dat. Couldn't sell no more of dem eggs no how." Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started for her domicile to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

Indian Raid on the Pacific Railroad Employees.

William Thompson, an Englishman employed on the telegraph, was wounded and scalped during a recent raid of the Indians, but having fortunately escaped with



AN AFFECTIONATE GOOSE.

life, gave the following account of the affair: "I and five others left Plum Creek Station and started up the track on a hand-car to hunt up where the break in the telegraph was. When we came to where the break proved to be, we saw a lot of ties piled on the track, but at the same moment Indians jumped up from the grass all around and fired on us. We fired two or three shots in return, and then, as the Indians pressed on us, we ran away. An Indian on a pony singled me out and galloped up to me. After coming to within ten feet of me he fired, and the bullet entered my right arm; seeing me still run, he 'clubbed his rifle' and knocked me down. He then took out his knife, stabbed me in the neck, and then making a twirl round his fingers with my hair, he commenced sawing and hacking away at my scalp. Though the pain was awful, and I felt dizzy and sick, I knew enough to keep quiet. After what seemed to be half an hour, he gave the last finishing cut to the scalp on my left temple, and as it still hung a little, he gave it a jerk. I just thought then that I could have screamed my life out. I can't describe it to you. It just felt as though the whole head was taken right off. The Indian then mounted and galloped away, but as he went he dropped my scalp within a few feet of me

which I managed to get and hide. The Indians were thick in the vicinity, or I then might have made my escape. While lying down I could hear the Indians moving around, whispering to each other, and then, shortly after, placing obstructions on the track. After lying down about an hour and a half, I heard the low rumbling of the train as it came tearing along, and I might have been able to flag it off had I dared. The train having been thrown from the track by the obstructions, the engineer and fireman were shot and scalped; but before the Indians burnt the train, they plundered the box-cars of everything that might prove of the least value, or what attracted their fickle fancy. They decorated their persons by the bonfire which they made of the boxes already plundered; their ponies were caparisoned with gaudy pieces of muslin, and their tails were adorned with ribbons of variegated colors. The scalp-locks of the Indians were adorned in the same manner, while hanging over their shoulders were rich pieces of velvet. Some of them came across a barrel of old Bourbon whiskey. Quickly they stove the head, and quickly they quaffed huge draughts of the fire-water, which set their brain on fire and rendered them delirious. A violent war-song was chanted while they were thus inebriated, with furious gesticulations, in honor of the victory over the pale-faces. At daybreak they set fire to the wreck, taking fire from the furnace and throwing it in the box of cars, and while the flames roared and crackled as the wind came on, and reared themselves into pyramids and tall spiral columns, the Indians danced and held high carnival. The dead bodies were thrown into the fire, and a terrible yell announced to the scalped and trembling man the fate of the engineer and fireman. After the Indians had left, Thompson managed to crawl away, and found refuge at Willow Island station, until he was taken care of by a party sent for him, when he was brought to Omaha City, where he received surgical attention, and is expected to recover.

What the Robins Did.

A correspondent in Paterson, New Jersey, sends us the following: "A lady in the west part of this city, in early summer, found a robin, which had fallen from its nest to the ground, too young to protect itself from the malicious cats. It was taken at first into the house, then placed in a basket on the ground, and a watch kept to protect it from harm. It was not long before the old robin was seen around the basket, and then in it. Soon additional help was present, and the two old robins, after a little delay, were seen rising from the ground, bearing the young one between them, one using, in flying, its right wing, and the other its left, the other two wings being wrapped around the tender charge. It was a display of instinct and affection truly beautiful. This method of old birds to aid their young, though scarcely ever witnessed save by very observant naturalists, is no fable."

An Affectionate Goose.

An intelligent correspondent, residing in Mobile, favors us with the curious communication: A short time since I had occasion to visit Montgomery, and on my return by the steamer, and when opposite Selma, a boat came off to us with passengers. At this moment my attention was drawn to a goose, which was braying the swell, and following the boat; and I was told that this bird was picked up on the shore by the owner of the boat, some years since, almost lifeless; that he took it home, and having placed it in a warm situation, and supplied it with proper food, it recovered, and (strange to say!) that ever since it follows him wherever he goes. As soon as he enters the boat it takes to the water, and never quits its element until he returns to shore. The boat is frequently manned without its preserver, but the sagacious bird never follows it unless he forms one of the crew. I was further told that when he left home, at any time, for a great distance, he was obliged to have it fastened up; and that in one instance, he went to Montgomery on business, a distance of twenty miles, and while in a house there he heard the accustomed cackling outside, and on opening the door found that his old friend had traveled all that distance in search of him.

NIAGARA SHOT—AND THEN?

THOMAS CARLYLE, so well-known as having had an attack of German in his youth, which, in its effects upon his literary countenance, seems to have closely resembled the small-pox, sprouts from such haze-lost heights of wisdom and of knowledge, that we of the *Schwärmer* below fail to hear him; being for the most part, in consequence of his unfortunate position, or the lamentable condition of our tympanums, unable to make out what he says, or straying incoherencies of a more or less Teutonic character, we shall never be influenced, we shall never be led by him, until he descends to some platitude within hearing, or the condition of our tympanums is considerably improved; in the meantime, to us of the *Schwärmer*, Thomas Carlyle is not of the slightest consequence whatsoever.

Nicomachus, that which of itself is of no possible consequence, our humor sometimes makes of consequence. Some days ago I shot the Niagara of this *sage blanc* (or sage noir), and have been bobbing up and down in a huge caldron of conjectures and suspicions ever since, my state of mind being akin to that of Douglas Jerrold after reading Browning's "Lordello." However, I am deriving the same comfort from my friends that the wit derived from his wife. Apart from the principal impression left by the perusal of this Yebo's essay, were others of a vaguer but less painful character—as nearly as I am able to define them, these: Thomas Carlyle is of opinion that Democracy is an avalanche which will find the Bottomless; that *per contra*, Despotism is an eagle which will soar *jeu d'esprit* to the top; that Quashee Nigger, being neither equal to Shakspeare nor Jesus Christ, in consequence of that peculiar inferiority, ought always to be a slave; that it was benevolent on the part of the slaveholder to keep Quashee Nigger at work, to keep Quashee Nigger in dire, brutal ignorance, to do with Quashee Nigger's body, and the bodies of Quashee Nigger's wife, daughter, and sons, whatever seemed to him best; that the abolitionist, in depriving the slaveholder of the means of further beneficence of that description (and of no other), has violated a law of God, and will be severely punished therefore; that I am part and parcel "of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribability, and amenability to beer and balderdash;" that my intellect is "a finished and shut-up intellect," with which Thomas Carlyle would not argue; that Governor Eyre was in all respects right; that the politeness of the English nobleman, and the politeness of the English nobleman's wife, are proofs that monarchical or oligarchical despotisms are the only description of governments under which it is possible to escape the universality of trade and the deluge of the cheap and nasty; that I am "a scandalous esurient phantasm and a son of Bel and the Dragon," because I do not deprive myself of all future means of support by making bricks to last six thousand years; that Thomas Carlyle is not part and parcel "of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribability, and amenability to beer and balderdash;" that Thomas Carlyle's intellect is not "a finished and shut-up intellect," that Thomas Carlyle is not "a scandalous esurient phantasm and a son of Bel and the Dragon," but that Thomas Carlyle, of a certain glorious minority against one of whom a million such as I were as stubble against fire, is fully equal to Jesus Christ and Shakespeare. Some intellects, like the river which

divides a portion of the State of New York, have their Niagara, beyond which they are no longer navigable; others flow deeply, broadly, calmly and grandly on to the eternal sea. Has this intellect shot the Niagara? Bedlam is not equal to the New Jerusalem, O Yebo, neither Gehenna. DEMOS.

MACARONIC POETRY.

THE greatest curiosities of literary composition are those termed macaronic verses, said to be derived from the Italian *maccherone*, a blockhead, or pudding-headed fellow. The honest bricklayer and his son, of whom Sir Kenelm Digby relates the following anecdote, were veritable *maccheroni*. The bricklayer, with the praiseworthy intention of making his son a gentleman and scholar, sent him to school to learn Latin. After a year's tuition, with what success the reader may judge, the boy returned to the parental roof. At dinner the father, anxious to hear a classical language spoken, asked the lad what was the Latin for bread, and the reply was *breadibus*. To similar questions in reference to beef and beer, the replies were *beefibus* and *beeribus*. After dinner the old man said: "My son, it is no use wasting your time at school any more, for I know as much Latin as you do; so put on your old clothes, take a *shovelibus*, and go out and mix the *mortaribus*."

Though macaronics, however, derived their name from their resemblance to what an ignorant blockhead might compose, yet they can only be composed by thorough scholars. They are formed of two different languages, generally English and Latin. Some times of good English and good Latin, but mostly of English words with Latin terminations, or Latin words with English terminations, or a mixture of both, known as dog-Latin, probably so termed, as a wag said, from its being *sur-dit*.

As early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we meet with macaronic verses. The following was written on the defeat of the Spanish Armada:

A skellonical salutation,
Or condign gratulation
And just veneration,
Of the Spanish nation,
That in a *avado*,
Spent many a crusado,
In setting forth an Armado
England to invade.

Pro cujus memoria
Ye may well be solemne,
Full small may be your gloria,
When ye shall hear this storia,
Then will ye cry and roria,
We shall see her no moria.

The most celebrated English macaronic is a comedy, entitled *Ignoramus*, written by a clergyman and M.A., named Eggle. It was performed before James I. at Cambridge, in 1616. James was so delighted with it that he caused it to be twice subsequently performed before him. The pedantic monarch, educated under Buchanan, one of the purest of modern Latinists, well understood and enjoyed this witty production. Moreover, it had an additional zest to the King, from its being a satire on the barbarous law-Latin used by the English lawyers of that period, James being more attached to the more simple forms and correct terms of the Scottish law. As a specimen of this production, we give an extract, observing that it is the recital of Ignoramus (a lawyer), declaring how he will endow his mistress Rosabella:

Si possem vellem pro te Rosas ponere pellem
Quicquid tu quis crava, et habebis singula brava,
Et dabo, fee simple, si monstres Love's pretty dimple,
Gownes, silkcoats, kirtelles, et petticoates,
Farthingales, biggones, stomacherches, et periwiggos,
Pantoffles, cuffes, garteres, Spania ruffes,
Buskies et soccos, tiffanes an cambricka smockes,
Wimpolles, puros; ad ludos ibis et uros.

Geddes, a clergyman and translator of the Bible, was the most prolific of the modern macaronic writers. One of his pieces is a poem of considerable length, describing an actual occurrence, a dinner of Protestant dissenters at the London Tavern. He thus speaks of the table:

Sedimus ad ternas tabulas longo ordine postas
Et mappis mundi coveratas, et china-platis,
Spoonibus, et knivis sharpis, furcisque trisulcis
Stratis; cum largis glassis, vinoque repletis,
Botellis, saltis, vinegarique cruetis.

We may add a more modern specimen of this kind of poetry, whose author is unknown to macaronic fame:

Sacrum cum susaro, cum dremibus in a glasso,
In hoc vervece, est melius quam pipe o'tobacco,
Zellum cum bilero, cum pylbus out o'to cono,
Cum piece, Carrick nominato vulgo herringem,
Quid melius, si sit ter unctus butyro?
Virides et beelum, cum nos-nippanti mustardi;
O quam gustabunt ad Mar's Tandis frysasum!
Sin erimus durum, deul carl aras dat medicinum,
Qui bibit ex laetis ex fribus incipit ille.

The well-known song sung by the wine-excited school-master in O'Keefe's clever comedy, commencing;

Amo amas,
I love a lass,

may be termed macaronic, and the chorus:

Horum coram,
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum divor;
Tag-rag, merry-derry, peering and hand,
Hic hoc horum genitivo,

proves how laughable sheer nonsense may be sometimes made. Stonhurst, however, in his translation of Virgil, in all seriousness renders a really sublime passage into the following most extraordinary English:

Then did he make heaven's vault to rebound
With rounce robbie bobble,
Of ruffe ruffe roaring,
With thicke thwacke thurly bounding.

One of the most ridiculous and original specimens of a hybrid language was written by Pinkerton, the antiquary, as a model of what he termed the ameliorated English. It is decidedly macaronic, being English radicles with the terminations formed by vowels as in the Italian. We need scarcely inform the reader that the subjoined extract is a version of the beautiful Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*:

When I was sto Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled, *The Vision of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public, when I have no other entertainment to them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word to word as followeth:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended this hill of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation. As I was here sitting myself on the top of the mountain, I fell into a profound contemplation of the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another; surely, said I, man is but a shadow and a dream. While I was thus musing, I cast mine eyes towards the summit of a rock, the way not far from me, where I discovered one, in the habit of a shepherd, with a horn musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrote into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and also different from any thing I had ever heard."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A SENSITIVE lady from the country, looking for a coach: "Pray, sir, are you engaged?" Cabman: "Och, bless yer purty soul, ma'am, I have been married this seven years, and have nine children."

A QUAKER lady recently explained to her new domestic that wash-day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washed every other day—not she!

A GERMAN sugar-baker, afflicted with a bad wife, told his master "She tronk all to tay Saturday night and all to night Sunday morning, and vos that wild that I kick the stairs right down her."

A MAN with a very large bald head was complimented on the fact that his caput was analogous to Greenland.

"Why so?" he asked.
"Because it is a great white bear (bare) place," was the reply.

"HAVE your cabbages tender hearts?" asked a woman of a cormorant.
"They can't have anything else, marm," was the reply; "for they've been with me, crying about the streets, all the morning."

"I WONDER where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed, with delicate finger, to the heavy masses that floated in the sky.
"I think they are going to thunder!" said her brother.

SOME fastidious lady advertises in a New York journal for a husband with a Roman nose and religious tendencies.

THE most difficult operation in the practice of surgery is said to be "taking the jaw out of a woman." The fellow who said that must be an old bachelor of the large blue sort.

A FERT little girl boasted to one of her friends that her "father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

THERE are very affectionate female friends who kiss each other through two thick seas of veil, and know how to hug each other without disarranging a curl.

THERE are 370 churches in Moscow, and all the bells were rung at one time on the occasion of a royal marriage. The clanging was fearful.

A WRITER called at a printer's and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his poem, when the typo earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

"ARE there all Bibles?" asked a man, the other day, in the registrar's office, pointing to the big volumes of wills upon the shelves.
"No, sir," answered one of the clerks; "those are testaments."

THE earliest tubular bridge, "the bridge of the nose."

How do we know that Pharaoh was a carpenter? Why, he made Joseph a ruler.

WHEN is a storm like a fish after a hook? When it is going to a-bate.

WHAT most resembles a pretty girl bathing? A diving bell(e).

A BOSTON paper observes: "Of military interference, ex-Governor Wells has had his Phil.

WHEN does a noise in the kitchen remind one of the month of May? When it's the cook who (cuckoo) sings.

WHAT is the difference between a baby and a great coat? One you was, and the other you wear.

WHICH is the business that would "soot" anybody? Chimney Sweeping.

A LEVELER perceiving two crows flying side by side, said:

"Ay, that's just how it should be; I hate to see one crow over another."

PRENTICE says: "The only poetry a handsome girl appreciates is written with a mustache on her lips."

A MILITARY officer wanted to compliment a negro by drinking with him:

"Well, captain," replied Cuff, "I's very dry, so I won't be ugly about it. Some niggers 're too proud to drink with a millibary officer—but I think a millibary officer, when sober, is just as good as a nigger—specially if the nigger is dry."

AN English tavern keeper recently illustrated punctuality in this wise: Speaking of one of his customers, he said:

"He is the most regular man in Harwick, he comes and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done so for ten years, except when his mother died, and at that time he came on Sunday."

It is a grand thing to be punctual.

A FOND parent heard his daughter and her fellow plan an elopement. The next day the old man waited upon the young one and addressed him thus:

"You are a fine brave youth, and I don't object to you for a son-in-law. Here's a hundred to aid in an elopement. May you live happily in the same house, and may no accident occur to throw the least shade on the sunshine of your life. All I request is, that you elope with my daughter—she's a mighty fine girl, you know, but somehow her mother and I could never travel smoothly with her; we don't know her good points; elope with her to such a distance that she won't return to her loving father and mother any more. Good-by, sonny, and may you be happy."

There was an elopement that evening of one. The young man went unaccompanied. He thought everything could not be entirely right when the old cock was so anxious to get rid of the girl. The father looks upon his act as a very neat bit of strategy, for one who had never been on McClellan's staff.

THE CIRCLE OF INCREDULITY.—It is one of the anomalies of this age that our credulity appears to keep pace with our reason. We are becoming so severely logical, and our reasoning powers are so keenly developed, that we are beginning to have grave doubts about the Mosaic records, to suffer from a sort of Hebraic perplexity as to the authenticity of the Psalms, to look coyly upon miracles, to detect discrepancies in the New Testament, and to fear there must be some mistake about the Incarnation; and yet, amidst all this intellectual revision of revelation, we find the educated and the refined thronging to the *salons* of the medium, speculating with the utmost seriousness on the apparition of spectral hands, and the mysterious animation of musical instruments. Infidelity and credulity were never at a higher pitch than now. We are struggling hard to claim kinship by a natural development with the monkey tribe, and science is unwearied in her efforts to make our claim good. We are endeavoring to correct revelation, so that it may not for the future insult our understandings; and yet an unfortunate lawyer's clerk, discharged by his master, has only to pawn his coat and invest the money in advertisements to the effect that his sands of life are fast running out, and he is anxious to communicate to his fellow-creatures, for six postage stamps, a never-failing remedy for curing all diseases; and in a short time he is enabled to employ a score of clerks, to ride in his carriage, and open a branch establishment in Paris.

A POWERFUL RIVAL.—There is a new patent Sewing Machine (called the Star Shuttle), manufactured in Cleveland, Ohio, by W. G. Wilson & Co., and sold for Twenty Dollars, that makes the Lock Stitch similar to Wheeler and Wilson, and other first-class machines. The manufacturers claim that it is equal in size, finish and workmanship, to any other first-class machine, besides being able to do the same range of work.

MANY lives are lost, more especially at this season of the year, from parents having no medicine ready at hand to give to those laboring under a sudden attack of bowel complaint. Never was the old saying of "a stitch in time saving nine" more applicable than in cases of this description, and we are glad to recommend Hall & Ruckel's Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy as one of the safest and most efficacious medicines ever presented to the public. It is sold at their store, 218 Greenwich street, and at other druggists.

A Sure Remedy for Chills and Fever
AYER'S AGUE CURE never fails.

Mrs. Partington Insulted.—The White Mountains of New Hampshire are evidently a great institution—very high, heavy frosts, beautiful view, four dollar dinners. But the practical eye of a certain renowned Drake saw those smooth-faced rocks, and thereupon adorned and variegated the bridge-path to the Tip-top House with his familiar S. T.—1860—X. PLANTATION BITTERS. This raised the ire of the Mrs. Partingtons composing the Legislature of the Granite State, who got their wise heads together, outlawed Dr. Drake, and made it a penal offense to ply the artistic brush on their beloved hills. Verily, the fine arts are at a discount in New Hampshire. Query.—Did Drake pay them for this splendid advertisement?

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne and at half the price.

The Barnum & Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Co.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

ANOTHER NOVELTY.

MR. G. L. FOX,

supported by the

TALENTED PANTOMIME COMPANY.

EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2½—EVENING AT 8, in the Comic Fairy Pantomime of MOTHER GOOSE AND HER GOLDEN EGG. REplete with LAUGHABLE TRICKS AND SIDE-SPLITTING COMICALITIES.

To be seen at all hours.

THE CONTENTS OF THE UTICA MUSEUM. GORDON CUMMING the Lion-slayer's COLLECTION. PROF. HUTCHINGS'... LIGHTNING CALCULATOR. A MAMMOTH FAT INFANT. DWARF, CIRCASSIAN GIRL.

TEN LIVING SEALS.

LIVING SNAKES, MONKEYS, LEARNED SEAL.

HAPPY FAMILY, GRAND AQUARIA, etc.

OVER 300,000 CURIOSITIES.

Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

Preliminary Announcement.

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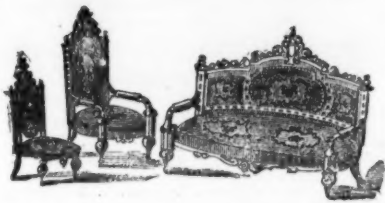
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